

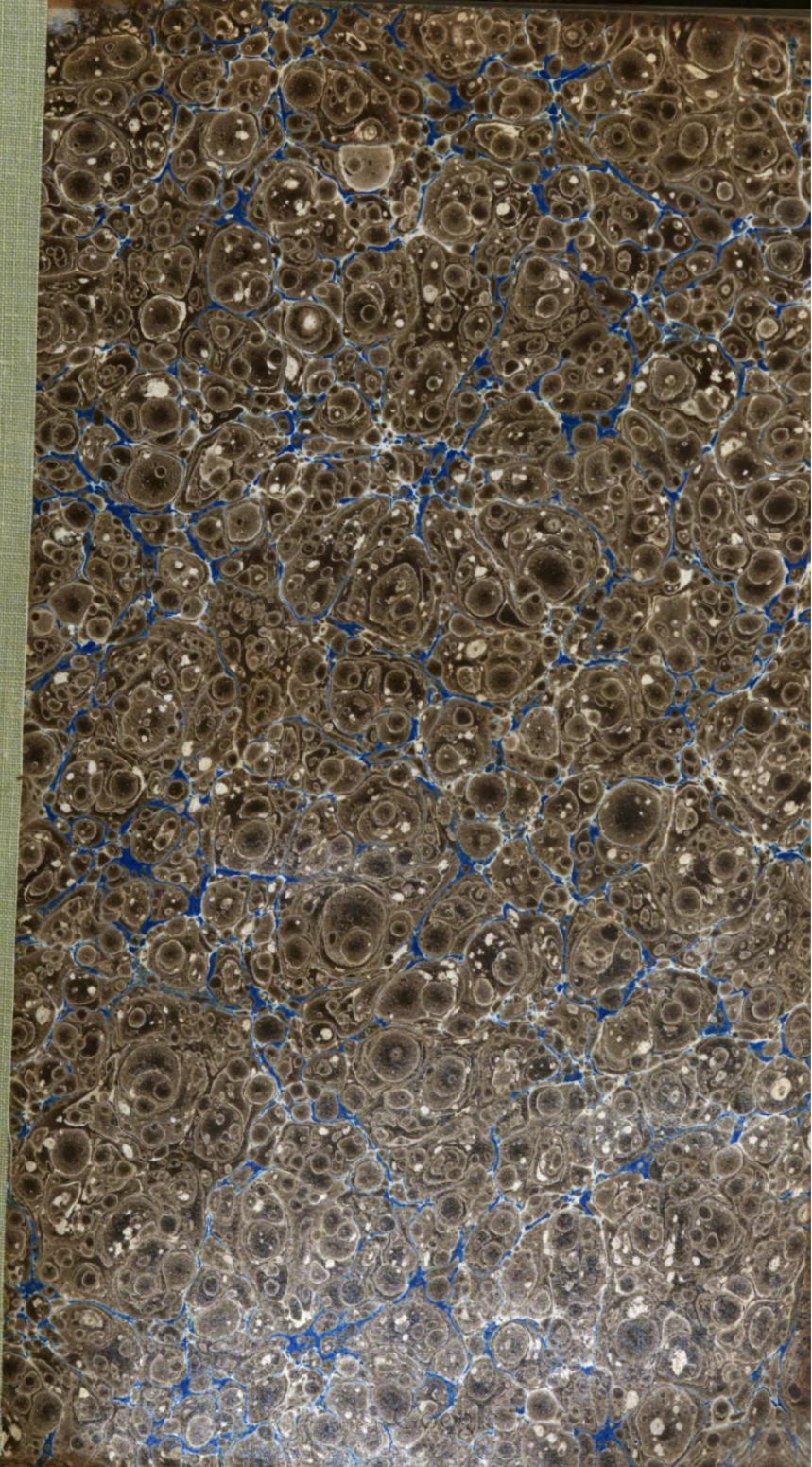
UC-NRLF



SB 250 192

UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
1850





THE
P H A N T O M S H I P.

BY
CAPT. MARRYAT, R.N.,
AUTHOR OF
“PETER SIMPLE,” “JACOB FAITHFUL,”
“FRANK MILDMAY,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1839.

Printed by **J. L. Cox and Sons, 75, Great Queen Street,
Lincoln's-Inn Fields.**

955
M 362
pha
v. 3

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE raft was found to answer well; and although her progress through the water was not very rapid, she obeyed the helm and was under command. Both Philip and Krantz were very careful in taking such marks and observations of the island as should enable them, if necessary, to find it again. With the current to assist them, they now proceeded rapidly to the southward, in order that they might examine a large island which lay in that direction. Their object,

after seeking for Amine, was to find out the direction of Ternate; the king of which they knew to be at variance with the Portuguese, who had a fort and factory at Tidore, not very far distant from it; and from thence to obtain a passage in one of the Chinese junks, which, on their way to Bantam, called at that island.

Towards evening they had neared the large island, and they soon ran down it close to the beach. Philip's eyes wandered in every direction to ascertain whether anything on the shore indicated the presence of Amine's raft, but he could perceive nothing of the kind, nor did he see any inhabitants.

That they might not pass the object of their search during the night, they ran their raft on shore, in a small cove, where the waters were quite smooth, and remained there until the next morning, when they again made sail and prosecuted their voyage. Krantz was steering with the long sweep they had fitted for the purpose, when he observed Philip, who had been for some

time silent, take from his breast the relic which he wore, and gaze attentively upon it.

“Is that your picture, Philip?” observed Krantz.

“Alas! No, it is my destiny,” replied Philip, answering without reflection.

“Your destiny! What mean you?”

“Did I say my destiny? I hardly know what I said,” replied Philip, replacing the relic in his bosom.

“I rather think you said more than you intended,” replied Krantz, “but at the same time, something near the truth. I have often perceived you with that trinket in your hand, and I have not forgotten how anxious Schriften was to obtain it, and the consequences of his attempt upon it. Is there not some secret—some mystery attached to it? Surely, if so, you must now sufficiently know me as your friend, to feel me worthy of your confidence.”

“That you are my friend, Krantz, I feel—my sincere and much valued friend, for we have

shared much danger together, and that is sufficient to make us friends—that I could trust you, I believe, but I feel as if I dare not trust any one. There is a mystery attached to this relic (for a relic it is), which as yet has been confided to my wife and holy men alone."

"And if trusted to holy men, surely it may be trusted to sincere friendship, than which nothing is more holy."

"But I have a presentiment that the knowledge of my secret would prove fatal to you. Why I feel such a presentiment I know not; but I feel it, Krantz; and I cannot afford to lose you, my valued friend."

"You will not, then, make use of my friendship, it appears," replied Krantz. "I have risked my life with you before now, and I am not to be deterred from the duties of friendship by a childish foreboding on your part, the result of an agitated mind and a weakened body. Can any thing be more absurd than to suppose, that a secret confided to me can be pregnant with

danger, unless it be, indeed, that my zeal to assist you may lead me into difficulties. I am not of a prying disposition ; but we have been so long connected together, and are now so isolated from the rest of the world, that it appears to me it would be a solace to you, were you to confide in one whom you can trust, what evidently has long preyed upon your mind. The consolation and advice of a friend, Philip, are not to be despised, and you will feel relieved if able to talk over with him a subject which evidently oppresses you. If, therefore, you value my friendship, let me share with you in your sorrows."

There are few who have passed through life so quietly, as not to recollect how much grief has been assuaged by confiding its cause to, and listening to the counsels and consolations of, some dear friend. It must not therefore appear surprising, that, situated as he was, and oppressed with the loss of Amine, Philip should regard Krantz as one to whom he might venture

to confide his important secret. He commenced his narrative with no injunctions, for he felt that if Krantz could not respect his secret for his secret's sake, or from good will towards him, he was not likely to be bound by any promise; and as, during the day, the raft passed by the various small capes and headlands of the island, he poured into Krantz's ear the history which the reader is acquainted with. "Now you know all," said Philip with a deep sigh, as the narrative was concluded. "What think you? Do you credit my strange tale, or do you imagine, as some well would, that it is a mere phantom of a disordered brain?"

"That it is not so, Philip, I believe," replied Krantz; "for I too have had ocular proof of the correctness of a part of your history. Remember how often I have seen this Phantom Ship—and if your father is permitted to range over the seas, why should you not be selected and permitted to reverse his doom? I fully believe every word that you have told me, and

since you have told me this, I can comprehend much that in your behaviour at times appeared unaccountable ; there are many who would pity you, Philip, but I envy you."

"Envy me ?" cried Philip.

"Yes ! envy you : and gladly would I take the burden of your doom on my own shoulders, were it only possible. Is it not a splendid thought that you are summoned to so great a purpose,—that instead of roaming through the world as we all do in pursuit of wealth, which possibly we may lose after years of cost and hardship, by the venture of a day, and which, at all events, we must leave behind us,—you are selected to fulfil a great and glorious work—the work of angels, I may say—that of redeeming the soul of a father, *suffering* indeed, for his human frailties, but not doomed to perish for eternity ; you have, indeed, an object of pursuit worthy of all the hardships and dangers of a maritime life. If it ends in your death, what then ? Where else ends our futile cravings, our

continual toil, after nothing? We all must die—but how few—who indeed besides yourself—was ever permitted before his death to ransom the soul of the author of his existence! Yes, Philip, I envy you!"

" You think and speak like Amine. She too is of a wild and ardent soul, that would mingle with the beings of the other world, and hold intelligence with disembodied spirits."

" She is right," replied Krantz; " there are events in my life, orrather connected with my family, which have often fully convinced me that this is not only possible but permitted. Your story has only corroborated, what I already believed."

" Indeed! Krantz?"

" Indeed, yes; but of that hereafter: the night is closing in, we must again put our little bark in safety for the night, and there is a cove which I think appears suited for the purpose."

Before morning, a strong breeze right on shore had sprung up, and the surf became so high as to

endanger the raft ; to continue their course was impossible ; they could only haul up their raft to prevent its being dashed to pieces by the force of the waves, as the seas broke on the shore. Philip's thoughts were, as usual, upon Amine, and as he watched the tossing waters, as the sun-beams lightened up their crests, he exclaimed, " Ocean ! hast thou my Amine ? If so, give up thy dead ! What is that ?" continued he, pointing to a speck on the horizon.

" The sail of a small craft of some description or another," replied Krantz ; " and apparently coming down before the wind to shelter herself in the very nook we have selected."

" You are right ; it is the sail of a vessel, of one of those peroquas which skim over these seas —how she rises on the swell !—she is full of men, apparently."

The peroqua rapidly approached, and was soon close to the beach ; the sail was lowered, and she was backed in through the surf.

" Resistance is useless should they prove ene-

mies," observed Philip. " We shall soon know our fate."

The people in the peroqua took no notice of them, until the craft had been hauled up and secured ; three of them then advanced towards Philip and Krantz, with spears in their hands, but evidently with no hostile intentions. One addressed them in Portuguese, asking them who they were ?

" We are Hollanders," replied Philip.

" A part of the crew of the vessel which was wrecked ?" inquired he.

" Yes !"

" You have nothing to fear—you are enemies to the Portuguese, and so are we. We belong to the island of Ternate—our king is at war with the Portuguese, who are villains. Where are your companions ? on which island ?"

" They are all dead," replied Philip ; " may I ask you whether you have fallen in with a woman, who was adrift on a part of the raft by herself? or have you heard of her ?"

“ We have heard that a woman was picked up on the beach to the southward, and carried away by the Tidore people to the Portuguese settlement, on the supposition that she was a Portuguese.”

“ Then God be thanked, she is saved,” cried Philip. “ Merciful Heaven ! accept my thanks.—To Tidore you said ?”

“ Yes ; we are at war with the Portuguese, we cannot take you there.”

“ No ! but we shall meet again.”

The person who accosted them was evidently of some consequence. His dress was, to a certain degree, Mahometan, but mixed up with Malay—he carried arms in his girdle and a spear in his hand ; his turban was of printed chintz ; and his deportment, like most persons of rank in that country, was courteous and dignified.

“ We are now returning to Ternate, and will take you with us. Our king will be pleased to receive any Hollanders, especially as you are enemies to the Portuguese dogs. I forgot to tell

you that we have one of your companions with us in the boat ; we picked him up at sea, much exhausted, but he is now doing well."

"Who can it be?" observed Krantz, "it must be some one belonging to some other vessel."

"No," replied Philip shuddering, "it must be Schriften."

"Then my eyes must behold him before I believe it," replied Krantz.

"Then believe your eyes," replied Philip, pointing to the form of Schriften, who was now walking towards them.

"Mynheer Vanderdecken, glad to see you. Mynheer Krantz, I hope you are well. How lucky that we should all be saved. He ! he !"

"The ocean has then, indeed, given up its dead, as I requested," thought Philip.

In the mean time, Schriften, without making any reference to the way in which they had so unceremoniously parted company, addressed Krantz with apparent good-humour, and some

slight tinge of sarcasm. It was some time before Krantz could rid himself of him.

“ What think you of him, Krantz ?”

“ That he is a part of the whole, and has his destiny to fulfil as well as you. He has his part to play in this wondrous mystery, and will remain until it is finished. Think not of him. Recollect, your Amine is safe.”

“ True,” replied Philip, “ the wretch is not worth a thought ; we have now nothing to do but to embark with these people ; hereafter we may rid ourselves of him, and strive then to rejoin my dearest Amine.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Amine again came to her senses, she found herself lying on the leaves of the palmetto, in a small hut. A hideous black child sat by her, brushing off the flies. Where was she?

The raft had been tossed about for two days, during which Amine remained in a state of alternate delirium and stupor. Driven by the current and the gale, it had been thrown on shore on the eastern end of the coast of New Guinea. She had been discovered by some of the natives, who, happened to be on the beach trafficking with some of the Tidore people. At first, they hastened to rid her of her garments, although they perceived that she was not dead; but before they had left her as naked as themselves, a diamond of great value, which had been given to her by Philip,

attracted the attention of one of the savages ; failing in his attempt to pull it off, he pulled out a rusty, blunt knife, and was busily sawing at the finger, when an old woman of authority interfered and bade him desist. The Tidore people, also, who were friends with the Portuguese, pointed out, that to save one of that nation would ensure a reward ; they stated moreover, that they would, on their return, inform the people of the factory establishment that one of their country-women had been thrown on shore on a raft.— To this Amine owed the care and attention that was paid to her ; that part of New Guinea being somewhat civilized by occasional intercourse with the Tidore people, who came there to exchange European finery and trash for the more useful productions of the island.

The Papoose woman carried Amine into her hut, and there she lay for many days, wavering between life and death, carefully attended, but requiring little, except the moistening of her parched lips with water, and the brushing off of the mosquitoes and flies.

When Amine opened her eyes, the little Papoos ran out to acquaint the woman who followed her into the hut. She was of large size, very corpulent and unwieldy, with little covering on her body ; her hair, which was woolly in its texture, was partly plaited, partly frizzled ; a cloth round her waist, and a piece of faded yellow silk on her shoulders, was all her dress. A few silver rings, on her fat fingers, and a necklace of mother-of-pearl, were her ornaments. Her teeth were jet black, from the use of the betel-nut, and her whole appearance was such as to excite disgust in the breast of Amine.

She addressed Amine, but her words were unintelligible : and the sufferer, exhausted with the slight effort she had made, fell back into her former position, and closed her eyes. But if the woman was disgusting, she was kind ; and by her attention and care Amine was able, in the course of three weeks, to crawl out of the hut and enjoy the evening breeze. The natives of the island would at times surround her, but

they treated her with respect, from fear of the old woman. Their woolly hair was frizzled or plaited, sometimes powdered white with chunam. A few palmetto leaves round the waist and descending to the knee, was their only attire; rings through the nose and ears, and feathers of birds, particularly the bird of paradise, were their ornaments: but their language was wholly unintelligible. Amine felt grateful for life; she sat under the shade of the trees, and watched the swift peroquas as they skimmed the blue sea which was expanded before her; but her thoughts were elsewhere—they were on Philip.

One morning Amine came out of the hut, with joy on her countenance, and took her usual seat under the trees. “Yes, mother, dearest mother, I thank thee; thou hast appeared to me; thou hast recalled to me thy arts, which I had forgotten, and had I but the means of conversing with these people, even now would I know where my Philip might be.”

For two months did Amine remain under the care of the Papoos woman. When the Tidore people returned, they had an order to bring the white woman, who had been cast on shore, to the Factory, and repay those who had taken charge of her. They made signs to Amine, who had now quite recovered her beauty, that she was to go with them. Any change was preferable to staying where she was, and Amine followed them down to a peroqua, on which she was securely fixed, and was soon darting through the water with her new companions ; and, as they flew along the smooth seas, Amine thought of Philip's dream and the mermaid's shell.

By the evening they had arrived at the southern point of Galolo, where they landed for the night ; the next day they gained the place of their destination, and Amine was led up to the Portuguese factory.

That the curiosity of those who were stationed there was roused, is not to be wondered at, the history given by the natives of Amine's escape

appeared so miraculous. From the Commandant to the lowest servant, every one was waiting to receive her. The beauty of Amine, her perfect form, astonished them. The Commandant addressed a long compliment to her in Portuguese, and was astonished that she did not make a suitable reply; but as Amine did not understand a word that he said, it would have been more surprising if she had.

As Amine made signs that she could not understand the language, it was presumed that she was either English or Dutch, and an interpreter was sent for. She then explained that she was the wife of a Dutch captain, whose vessel had been wrecked, and that she did not know whether the crew had been saved or not. The Portuguese were very glad to hear that a Dutch vessel had been wrecked, and very glad that so lovely a creature as Amine had been saved. She was informed by the Commandant that she was welcome, and that during her stay there every thing should be done to make her

comfortable ; that in three months they expected a vessel from the Chinese seas, proceeding to Goa, and that, if inclined, she should have a passage to Goa in that vessel, and from that city she would easily find other vessels to take her wherever she might please to go ; she was then conducted to an apartment, and left with a little negress to attend upon her.

The Portuguese commandant was a small, meagre, little man, dried up to a chip, from long sojourning under a tropical sun. He had very large whiskers, and a very long sword ; these were the two most remarkable features in his person and dress.

His attentions could not be misinterpreted, and Amine would have laughed at him, had she not been fearful that she might be detained. In a few weeks, by due attention, she gained the Portuguese language so far as to ask for what she required, and before she quitted the island of Tidore she could converse fluently. But her anxiety to leave, and to ascertain what

had become of Philip, became greater every day ; and at the expiration of the three months, her eyes were continually bent to seaward, to catch the first glimpse of the vessel which was expected. At last it appeared, and as Amine watched the approach of the canvass from the west, the Commandant fell on his knees, and declaring his passion, requested her not to think of departure, but to unite her fate with his.

Amine was cautious in her reply, for she knew that she was in his power. “ She must first receive intelligence of her husband’s death, which was not yet certain ; she would proceed to Goa, and if she discovered that she was single, she would write to him.”

This answer, as it will be discovered, was the cause of great suffering to Philip : the Commandant, fully assured that he could compass Philip’s death, was satisfied—declared that, as soon as he had any positive intelligence, he would bring it to Goa himself, and made a thousand protestations of truth and fidelity.

“ Fool !” thought Amine, as she watched the ship, which was now close to the anchorage.

In half an hour the vessel had anchored, and the people had landed. Amine observed a priest with them, as they walked up to the fort. She shuddered—she knew not why ; when they arrived, she found herself in the presence of **Father Mathias.**

CHAPTER XXIX.

BOTH Amine and Father Mathias started, and drew back with surprise at this unexpected meeting. Amine was the first to extend her hand; she had almost forgotten at the moment how they had parted, in the pleasure she experienced in meeting with a well-known face.

Father Mathias coldly took her hand, and laying his own upon her head, said: "May God bless thee, and forgive thee, my daughter, as I have long done." Then the recollection of what had passed, rushed into Amine's mind, and she coloured deeply.

Had Father Mathias forgiven her? The event would show; but this is certain, he now treated her as an old friend: listened with interest to her history of the wreck, and agreed

with her upon the propriety of her accompanying him to Goa.

In a few days the vessel sailed, and Amine quitted the Factory and its enamoured Commandant. They ran through the Archipelago in safety, and were crossing the mouth of the bay of Bengal, without having had any interruption to fine weather.

Father Mathias had returned to Lisbon, when he quitted Ternicore, and, tired of idleness, had again volunteered to proceed as a missionary to India. He had arrived at Formosa, and shortly after his arrival, had received directions from his superior to return on important business to Goa, and thus it was that he fell in with Amine at Tidore.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of Father Mathias towards Amine—they varied so often. At one moment, he would call to mind the kindness shown to him by her and Philip—the regard he had for the husband, and the many good qualities which he acknowledged that she

possessed—and *now* he would recollect the disgrace, the unmerited disgrace, he had suffered through her means ; and he would then canvass, whether she really did believe him an intruder in her chamber for other motives than those which actuated him, or whether she had taken advantage of his indiscretion. These accounts were nearly balanced in his mind : he could have forgiven all, if he had thought that Amine was a sincere convert to the church ; but his strong conviction that she was not only an unbeliever, but that she practised forbidden arts, turned the scale against her. He watched her narrowly, and when, in her conversation, she shewed any religious feeling, his heart warmed towards her ; but when, on the contrary, any words escaped her lips which seemed to show that she thought lightly of his creed, then the full tide of indignation and vengeance poured into his bosom.

It was in crossing the Bay of Bengal, to pass round the southern cape of Ceylon, that they first met with bad weather ; and when the storm

increased, the superstitious seamen lighted candles before the small image of the saint which was shrined on deck. Amine, observed it, and smiled with scorn; and as she did so, almost unwittingly, she perceived that the eye of Father Mathias was earnestly fixed upon her.

“The Papooses I have just left do no worse than worship their idols, and are termed idolaters,” muttered Amine. “What then are these Christians?”

“Would you not be better below?” said Father Mathias, coming over to Amine; “this is no time for women to be on deck—they would be better employed in offering up prayers for safety.”

“Nay, father, I can pray better here; I like this conflict of the elements; and as I view, I bow down in admiration of the Deity who rules the storm; who sends the winds forth in their wrath, or soothes them into peace.”

“It is well said, my child,” replied Father Mathias; “but the Almighty is not only to be

worshipped in his works, but, in the closet, with meditation, self-examination, and faith. Hast thou followed up the precepts which thou hast been taught? hast thou reverenced the sublime mysteries which have been unfolded to thee?"

"I have done my best, father," replied Amine, turning away her head, and watching the rolling wave.

"Hast thou called upon the Holy Virgin, and upon the saints—those intercessors for mortals erring like thyself?"

Amine made no answer; she did not wish to irritate the priest, neither would she tell an untruth.

"Answer me, child," continued the priest with severity.

"Father," replied Amine, "I have appealed to God alone—the God of the Christians—the God of the whole universe!"

"Who believes not every thing, believes nothing, young woman. I thought as much!"

I saw thee smile with scorn just now; why didst thou smile?"

"At my own thoughts, good father."

"Say, rather, at the true faith shown by others."

Amine made no answer.

"Thou art still an unbeliever, and a heretic. Beware, young woman! beware!"

"Beware of what, good father? why should I beware? Are there not millions in these climes more unbelieving, and more heretic, perhaps, than I? How many have you converted to your faith? What trouble, what toil, what dangers have you not undergone to propagate that creed—and why do you succeed so ill? Shall I tell you, Father? It is because the people have already had a creed of their own: a creed taught to them from their infancy, and acknowledged by all who live about them. Am I not in the same position? I was brought up in another creed: and can you expect that that can be dismissed, and the prejudices of early

years at once eradicated ? I have thought much of what you have told me—have felt that much is true—that the tenets of your creed are god-like—is not that much ? and yet you are not content. You would have blind acknowledgement, blind obedience—I were then an unworthy convert. We shall soon be in port, then teach me, and convince me, if you will ; I am ready to examine and confess, but on conviction only. Have patience, good father, and the time may come when I *may* feel, what now I *do not* ;—that yon bit of painted wood is a thing to bow down to and adore.”

Notwithstanding this taunt at the close of this speech, there was so much truth in the observations of Amine, that Father Mathias felt their power. As the wife of a Catholic, he had been accustomed to view Amine as one who had backslid from the church of Rome—not as one who had been brought up in another creed. He now recalled to mind, that she had never yet been received into the church, for Father

Seysen had not considered her as in a proper state to be admitted, and had deferred her baptism until he was satisfied of her full belief.

“ You speak boldly ; but you speak as you feel, my child,” replied Father Mathias after a pause. “ We will, when we arrive at Goa, talk over these things, and with the blessing of God, the new faith shall be made manifest to you.”

“ So be it,” replied Amine.

Little did the priest imagine that Amine’s thoughts were at that moment upon a dream she had had at New Guinea, in which her mother appeared, and revealed to her her magic arts—and that Amine was longing to arrive at Goa that she might practise them.

Every hour the gale increased, and the vessel laboured and leaked ; the Portuguese sailors were frightened, and invoked their saints. Father Mathias, and the other passengers, gave themselves up for lost, for the pumps could not keep the vessel free ; and their cheeks blanched as the waves washed furiously over the vessel :

they prayed and trembled. Father Mathias gave them absolution ; some cried like children, some tore their hair, some cursed, and cursed the saints they had but the day before invoked. But Amine stood unmoved ; and as she heard them curse, she smiled in scorn.

“ My child,” said Father Mathias, checking his tremulous voice that he might not appear agitated before one whom he saw so calm and unmoved amidst the roaring of the elements—“ My child, let not this hour of peril pass away. Before thou art summoned, let me receive thee into the bosom of our church—give thee pardon for thy sins, and certainty of bliss hereafter.”

“ Good Father, Amine is not to be frightened into belief, even if she feared the storm,” replied she ; “ nor will she credit your power to forgive her sins, merely because she says, in fear, that which in her calm reason she might reject. If ever fear could have subjected me, it was when I was alone upon the raft—that was indeed a trial of my strength of mind, the bare recollection of

which is, at this moment, more dreadful than the storm now raging, and the death which may await us. There is a God on high in whose mercy I trust—in whose love I confide—to whose will I bow. Let him do his will."

"Die not, my child, in unbelief!"

"Father," replied Amine, pointing to the passengers and seamen who were on the deck crying and wailing: "these are Christians—these men have been promised by you, but now, the inheritance of perfect bliss. What is their faith, that it does not give them strength to die like men? Why is it that a woman quails not, while they lie grovelling on the deck?"

"Life is sweet, my child—they leave their wives, their children, and they dread hereafter. Who is prepared to die?"

"I am," replied Amine. "I have no husband—at least I fear I have no husband. For me life has no sweets; yet, one little hope remains—a straw to the sinking wretch. I fear not death, for I have nought to live for. Were Philip

here, why, then indeed—but he is gone before me, and now to follow him is all I ask."

"He died in the faith, my child—if you would meet him, do the same."

"He never died like these," replied Amine, looking with scorn at the passengers.

"Perhaps he lived not as they have lived," replied Father Mathias. "A good man dies in peace, and hath no fear."

"So die the good men of all creeds, father," replied Amine; "and in all creeds death is equally terrible to the wicked."

"I will pray for thee, my child," said Father Mathias, sinking on his knees.

"Many thanks—thy prayers will be heard, even though offered for one like me," replied Amine, who, clinging to the man-ropes, made her way up to the ladder, and gained the deck.

"Lost! signora, lost!" exclaimed the captain, wringing his hands as he crouched under the bulwark.

"No!" replied Amine, who had gained the

weather side, and held on by a rope ; “ not lost this time.”

“ How say you, signora ?” replied the captain, looking with admiration at Amine’s calm and composed countenance. “ How say you, signora ?”

“ Something tells me, good captain, that you will not be lost, if you exert yourselves—something tells it to me here,” and Amine laid her hand to her heart. Amine had a conviction that the vessel would not be lost, for it had not escaped her observation that the storm was less violent, although, in their terror, this had been unnoticed by the sailors.

The coolness of Amine, her beauty, perhaps, the unusual sight of a woman so young, calm and confiding, when all others were in despair, had its due effect upon the captain and seamen. Supposing her to be a Catholic they imagined that she had had some warrant for her assertion, for credulity and superstition are close friends. They looked upon Amine with admiration and

respect, recovered their energies, and applied to their duties. The pumps were again worked ; the storm abated during the night, and the vessel was, as Amine had predicted, saved.

The crew and passengers looked upon her almost as a saint, and talked of her to Father Mathias, who was sadly perplexed. The courage which she had displayed was extraordinary ; even when he trembled, she showed no sign of fear. He made no reply, but communed with his own mind, and the result was unfavourable to Amine. What had given her such coolness ? what had given her the spirit of prophecy ? Not the God of the Christians, for she was no believer. Who then ? and Father Mathias thought of her chamber at Terneuse, and shook his head.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE must now again return to Philip and Krantz, who had a long conversation upon the strange re-appearance of Schriften. All that they could agree upon was, that he should be carefully watched, and that they should dispense with his company as soon as possible. Krantz had interrogated him as to his escape, and Schriften had informed him, in his usual sneering manner, that one of the sweeps of the raft had been allowed to get adrift during the scuffle, and that he had floated on it, until he had gained a small island; that on seeing the piroqua, he had once more launched it and supported himself by it, until he was perceived and picked up. As there was nothing impossible, although much of the improbable in this account,

Krantz asked no more questions. The next morning, the wind having abated, they launched the peroqua, and made sail for the island of Ternate.

It was four days before they arrived: as every night they landed and hauled up their craft on the sandy beach. Philip's heart was relieved at the knowledge of Amine's safety, and he could have been happy at the prospect of again meeting her, had he not been so constantly fretted by the company of Schriften.

There was something so strange, so contrary to human nature that the little man, though diabolical as he appeared to be in his disposition, should never hint at, or complain of, Philip's attempts upon his life. Had he complained—had he accused Philip of murder—had he vowed vengeance and demanded justice on his return to the authorities, it had been different; but no—there he was, making his uncalled-for and impertinent observations, with his eternal chuckle and sarcasm, as if he had not the least cause of anger or ill-will.

As soon as they arrived at the principal port and town of Ternate, they were conducted to a large cabin, built of palmetto leaves and bamboo, and requested not to leave it until their arrival had been announced to the king. The peculiar courtesy and good breeding of these islanders was the constant theme of remark of Philip and Krantz; their religion, as well as their dress, appeared to be a compound of the Mahometan and Malayan.

After a few hours, they were summoned to attend the audience of the king, held in the open air. The king was seated under a portico, attended by a numerous concourse of priests and soldiers. There was much company, but little splendour. All who were about the king were robed in white, with white turbans, but he himself was without ornament. The first thing that struck Philip and Krantz, when they were ushered into the presence of the king, was the beautiful cleanliness which every where prevailed: every dress was spotless and white, as the sun could bleach it.

Having followed the example of those who introduced them, and saluted the king after the Mahomedan custom, they were requested to be seated ; and through the Portuguese interpreters —for the former communication of the islanders with the Portuguese, who had been driven from the place, made the Portuguese language well known by many—a few questions were put by the king, who bade them welcome, and then requested to know how they had been wrecked.

Philip entered into a short detail, in which he stated that his wife had been separated from him, and was, he understood, in the hands of the Portuguese factory at Tidore. He requested to know if his majesty could assist him in obtaining her release, or in going to join her.

“ It is well said,” replied the king. “ Let refreshments be brought in for the strangers, and the audience be broken up.”

In a few minutes there remained of all the Court but two or three of the king’s confidential friends and advisers ; and a collation of

curries, fish, and a variety of other dishes was served up. After it was over, the king then said, “The Portuguese are dogs, they are our enemies—will you assist us to fight them? We have large guns, but do not understand the use of them as well as you do. I will send a fleet against the Portuguese at Tidore, if you will assist me. Say, Hollanders, will you fight? You,” addressing Philip, “will then recover your wife.”

“I will give an answer to you to-morrow,” replied Philip; “I must consult with my friend. As I told you before, I was the captain of the ship, and this was my second in command—we will consult together.” Schriften, whom Philip had represented as a common seaman, had not been brought up into the presence of the king.

“It is good,” replied the king; “to-morrow we will expect your reply.”

Philip and Krantz took their leave, and, on their return to the cabin, found that the king had sent them, as a present, two complete Mahommedan dresses, with turbans. These were welcome,

for their own garments were sadly tattered, and very unfit for exposure to the burning sun of those climes. Their peaked hats too, collected the rays of heat, which were intolerable ; and they gladly exchanged them for the white turban. Secreting their money in the Malayan sash, which formed a part of the attire, they soon robed themselves in the native garments, the comfort of which was immediately acknowledged. After a long consultation, it was decided that they should accept the terms offered by the king, as this was the only feasible way by which Philip could hope to re-obtain possession of Amine. Their consent was communicated to the king on the following day, and every preparation was made for the expedition.

And now was to be beheld a scene of bustle and activity. Hundreds and hundreds of pero-quas, of every dimension, floating close to the beach, side by side, formed a raft extending nearly half a mile on the smooth water of the bay, teeming with men, who were equipping them for the

service : some were fitting the sails ; others were carpentering where required ; the major portion were sharpening their swords, and preparing the deadly poison of the pine-apple for their creezes. The beach was a scene of confusion : water in jars, bags of rice, vegetables, salt-fish, fowls in coups, were every where strewed about among the armed natives, who were obeying the orders of the chiefs, who themselves walked up and down, dressed in their gayest apparel, and glittering in their arms and ornaments. The king had six long brass four-pounders, a present from an Indian captain ; these, with a proportionate quantity of shot and cartridges, were (under the direction of Philip and Krantz,) fitted on some of the largest peroquas, and some of the natives were instructed how to use them. At first the king, who fully expected the reduction of the Portuguese fort, stated his determination to go in person ; but in this he was overruled by his confidential advisers and by the request of Philip, who could not allow him to expose his

valuable life. In ten days all was ready, and the fleet, manned by seven thousand men, made sail for the island of Tidore.

It was a beautiful sight, to behold the blue rippling sea, covered with nearly six hundred of these picturesque craft, all under sail, and darting through the water like dolphins in pursuit of prey; all crowded with natives, whose white dresses formed a lively contrast with the deep blue of the water. The large peroquas, in which were Philip and Krantz with the native commanders, were gaily decorated with streamers and pennons of all colours, that flowed out and snapped with the fresh breeze. It appeared rather to be an expedition of mirth and merriment, than one which was proceeding to bloodshed and slaughter.

On the evening of the second day they had made the island of Tidore, and run down to within a few miles of the Portuguese factory and fort. The natives of the country, who disliked, though they feared to disobey the Portuguese,

had quitted their huts near the beach and retired into the woods. The fleet, therefore, anchored and lay near the beach, without molestation, during the night. The next morning Philip and Krantz proceeded to reconnoitre.

The fort and factory of Tidore were built upon the same principle as almost all the Portuguese defences in those seas. An outer fortification, consisting of a ditch, with strong palisades embedded in masonry, surrounded the factory and all the houses of the establishment. The gates of the outer wall were open all day for ingress and egress, and closed only at night. On the seaward side of this enclosure was what may be termed the citadel or real fortification ; it was built of solid masonry with parapets, was surrounded by a deep ditch, and was only accessible by a drawbridge, mounted with cannon on every side. Its real strength, however, could not well be perceived, as it was hidden by the high palisading which surrounded the whole establishment. After a careful survey,

Philip recommended that the large peroquas with the cannon should attack by sea, while the men of the small vessels should land and surround the fort—taking advantage of every shelter which was afforded them, to cover themselves while they harassed the enemy with their matchlocks, arrows, and spears. This plan having been approved of, one hundred and fifty peroquas made sail; the others were hauled on the beach, and the men belonging to them proceeded by land.

But the Portuguese had been warned of their approach, and were fully prepared to receive them; the guns mounted to the seaward were of heavy calibre and well served. The guns of the peroquas, though rendered as effectual as they could be, under the direction of Philip, were small, and did little damage to the thick stone front of the fort. After an engagement of four hours, during which the Ternate people lost a great number of men, the peroquas, by the advice of Philip and Krantz, hauled off, and

returned to where the remainder of the fleet were stationed ; and another council of war was held. The force, which had surrounded the fort on the land side, was, however, not withdrawn, as it cut off any supplies or assistance ; and, at the same time, occasionally brought down any of the Portuguese, who might expose themselves—a point of no small importance, as Philip well knew, with a garrison so small as that in the fort.

That they could not take the fort by means of their cannon was evident ; on the sea-side it was for them impregnable ; their efforts must now be directed to the land. Krantz, after the native chiefs had done speaking, advised that they should wait until dark, and then proceed to the attack in the following way. When the breeze set along shore, which it would do in the evening, he proposed that the men should prepare large bundles of dry palmetto and cocoa-nut leaves ; that they should carry their bundles and stack them against the palisades to windward, and then set

fire to them. They would thus burn down the palisades, and gain an entrance into the outer fortification : after which they could ascertain in what manner they should next proceed. This advice was too judicious not to be followed. All the men who had not matchlocks were set to collect fagots ; a large quantity of dry wood was soon got together, and before night they were ready for the second attack.

The white dresses of the Ternates were laid aside : with nothing on them but their belts, and scimetars, and creezes, and blue under-drawers, they silently crept up to the palisades, there deposited their fagots, and then again returned, again to perform the same journey. As the breastwork of fagots increased, so did they more boldly walk up, until the pile was completed ; they then, with a loud shout, fired it in several places. The flames mounted, the cannon of the fort roared, and many fell under the discharges of grape and hand-grenade. But, stifled by the smoke, which poured in volumes upon them,

the people in the fort were soon compelled to quit the ramparts to avoid suffocation. The palisades were on fire, and the flames mounting in the air, swept over, and began to attack the factory and houses. No resistance was now offered, and the Ternates tore down the burning palisades, and forced their way into the entrenchment, and with their scimetars and creezes, put to death all who had been so unfortunate as not to take refuge in the citadel. These were chiefly native servants, whom the attack had surprised, and for whose lives the Portuguese seemed to care but little, for they paid no attention to their cries to lower the drawbridge, and admit them into the fort.

The factory, built of stone, and all the other houses, were on fire, and the island was lighted up for miles. The smoke had cleared away, and the defences of the fort were now plainly visible in the broad glare of the flames. “If we had scaling-ladders,” cried Philip, “the fort would be ours; there is not a soul on the ramparts.”

“True, true,” replied Krantz, “but even as it is, the Factory walls will prove an advantageous post for us after the fire is extinguished; if we occupy it we can prevent them showing themselves while the ladders are constructing. To-morrow night we may have them ready, and having first smoked the fort with a few more fagots, we may afterwards mount the walls, and carry the place.”

“That will do,” replied Philip as he walked away. He then joined the native chiefs, who were collected together outside of the entrenchment, and communicated to them his plans. When he had made known his views, and the chiefs had assented to them, Schriften, who had come with the expedition unknown to Philip, made his appearance.

“That won’t do; you’ll never take that fort, Philip Vanderdecken. He! he!” cried Schriften.

Hardly had he said the words, when a tremendous explosion took place, and the air was

filled with large stones, which flew and fell in every direction, killing and maiming hundreds. It was the Factory which had blown up, for in its vaults there was a large quantity of gunpowder, to which the fire had communicated.

“So ends that scheme, Mynheer Vanderdecken. He ! he !” screamed Schriften ; “you’ll never take that fort.”

The loss of life and the confusion caused by this unexpected result, occasioned a panic, and all the Ternate people fled down to the beach where their peroquas were lying.

It was in vain that Philip and their chiefs attempted to rally them. Unaccustomed to the terrible effects of gunpowder in any large quantities, they believed that something supernatural had occurred, and many of them jumped into the peroquas and made sail, while the remainder were confused, trembling, and panting, all huddled together, on the beach.

“You’ll never take that fort, Mynheer Vanderdecken,” screamed the well-known voice.

Philip raised his sword to cleave the little man in two, but he let it fall again. "I fear he tells an unwelcome truth," thought Philip; "but why should I take his life for that?"

Some few of the Ternate chiefs still kept up their courage, but the major part were as much alarmed as their people. After some consultation, it was agreed that the army should remain where it was till the next morning, when they should finally decide what to do.

When the day dawned, now that the Portuguese fort was no longer surrounded by the other buildings, they perceived that it was more formidable than they had at first supposed. The ramparts were filled with men, and they were bringing cannon to bear on the Ternate forces. Philip had a consultation with Krantz, and both acknowledged, that with the present panic nothing more could be done. The chiefs were of the same opinion, and orders were given for the return of the expedition: indeed, the Ternate chiefs were fully satisfied with their

success ; they had destroyed the large fort, the Factory, and all the Portuguese buildings ; a small fortification only was uninjured : that was built of stone, and inaccessible, and they knew that the report of what had been done, would be taken and acknowledged by the king as a great victory. The order was therefore given for embarkation, and in two hours the whole fleet, after a loss of about seven hundred men, was again on its way to Ternate. Krantz and Philip this time embarked in the same peroqua, that they might have the pleasure of each other's conversation. They had not, however, sailed above three hours, when it fell calm, and, towards the evening, there was every prospect of bad weather. When the breeze again sprung up, it was from an adverse quarter, but these vessels steer so close to the wind, that this was disregarded : by midnight, however, the wind had increased to a gale, and before they were clear of the N.E. headland of Tidore, it blew a hurricane, and many were washed off into the

sea from the different craft, and those who could not swim, sank, and were drowned. The sails were lowered, and the vessels lay at the mercy of the wind and waves, every sea washing over them. The fleet was drifting fast on the shore, and before morning dawned, the vessel in which were Philip and Krantz was among the rollers on the beach off the northern end of the island. In a short time she was dashed to pieces, and every one had to look out for himself. Philip and Krantz laid hold of one fragment, and were supported by it till they gained the shore; here they found about thirty more companions who had suffered the same fate as themselves. When the day dawned, they perceived that the major part of the fleet had weathered the point, and that those who had not, would in all probability escape, as the wind had moderated.

The Ternate people proposed, that as they were well armed, they should, as soon as the weather moderated, launch some of the craft

belonging to the islanders, and join the fleet ; but Philip, who had been consulting with Krantz, considered this a good opportunity for ascertaining the fate of Amine. As the Portuguese could prove nothing against them, they could either deny that they had been among the assailants, or might plead that they had been forced to join them. At all risks, Philip was determined to remain, and Krantz agreed to share his fate : and seeming to agree with them, they allowed the Ternate people to walk to the Tidore peroquas, and while they were launching them, Philip and Krantz fell back into the jungle and disappeared. The Portuguese had perceived the wreck of their enemies, and, irritated by the loss they had sustained, they had ordered the people of the island to go out and capture all who were driven on shore. Now that they were no longer assailed, the Tidore people obeyed them, and very soon fell in with Philip and Krantz, who had quietly sat down under the shade of a large tree, waiting the issue. They were led

away to the fort, where they arrived by night-fall. They were ushered into the presence of the Commandant, the same little man who had made love to Amine, and as they were dressed in Mussulman's attire, he was about to order them to be hung, when Philip told him that they were Dutehmen, who had been wrecked, and forced by the King of Ternate to join his expedition; that they had taken the earliest opportunity of escaping, as was very evident since those who had been thrown on shore with them had got off in the island boats, while they chose to remain. Whereupon the little Portuguese Commandant struck his sword firm down on the pavement of the ramparts, *looked* very big, and then ordered them to prison for further examination.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As every one descants upon the want of comfort in a prison, it is to be presumed that there are no very comfortable ones. Certainly that to which Philip and Krantz were ushered, had any thing rather than the air of an agreeable residence. It was under the fort, with a very small aperture looking towards the sea, for light and air. It was very hot, and moreover destitute of all those little conveniences which add so much to one's happiness in modern houses and hotels. In fact, it consisted of four bare walls, and a stone floor, and that was all.

Philip, who wished to make some inquiries relative to Amine, addressed, in Portuguese, the soldier who brought them down.

“ My good friend, I beg your pardon”—

“ I beg yours,” replied the soldier going out of the door, and locking them in.

Philip leant gloomily against the wall ; Krantz, more mercurial, walked up and down three steps each way and turn.

“ Do you know what I am thinking of ? ” observed Krantz, after a pause in his walk. “ It is very fortunate that (lowering his voice, we have all our doubloons about us ; if they don’t search us, we may yet get away by bribing.”

“ And I was thinking,” rejoined Philip, “ that I would sooner be here than in company with that wretch Schriften, whose sight is poison to me.”

“ I did not much admire the appearance of the Commandant, but I suppose we shall know more to-morrow.”

Here they were interrupted by the turning of the key, and the entrance of a soldier with a chatty of water, and a large dish of boiled rice.

He was not the man who had brought them to the dungeon, and Philip accosted him.

“ You have had hard work within these last two days ?”

“ Yes, indeed ! signor.”

“ The natives forced us to join the expedition, and we escaped.”

“ So I heard you say, signor.”

“ They lost nearly a thousand men,” said Krantz.

“ Holy St. Francis ! I am glad of it.”

“ They will be careful how they attack Portuguese in a hurry, I expect,” rejoined Krantz.

“ I think so,” replied the soldier.

“ Did you lose many men ?” ventured Philip, perceiving that the man was loquacious.

“ Not ten of our own people. In the Factory there were about a hundred of the natives, with some women and children ; but that is of no consequence.”

“ You had a young European woman here, I

understand," said Philip with anxiety ; "one who was wrecked in a vessel—was she among those who were lost?"

"Young woman!—Holy St. Francis. Yes, now I recollect. Why the fact is"—

"Pedro!" called a voice from above ; the man stopped, put his fingers to his lips, went out, and locked the door.

"God of Heaven! give me patience," cried Philip ; "but this is too trying."

"He will be down here again to-morrow morning," observed Krantz.

"Yes! to-morrow morning ; but what an endless time will suspense make of the intervening hours."

"I feel for you," replied Krantz ; "but what can be done? The hours must pass, though suspense draws them out into interminable years ; but I hear footsteps."

Again the door was unlocked, and the first soldier made his appearance. "Follow me—the Commandant would speak with you."

This unexpected summons was cheerfully complied with by Philip and his companion. They walked up the narrow stone steps, and at last found themselves in a small room, in presence of the Commandant, with whom our readers have been already made acquainted. He was lolling on a small sofa, his long sword lay on the table before him, and two young native women were fanning him, one at his head, and the other at his feet.

“Where did you get those dresses?” was the first interrogatory.

“The natives, when they brought us prisoners from the island on which we had saved ourselves, took away our clothes, and gave us these as a present from their king.”

“And engaged you to serve in their fleet, in the attack on this fort?”

“They forced us,” replied Krantz; “for, as there was no war between our nations, we objected to this service: notwithstanding which, they put us on board, to make the common peo-

ple believe that they were assisted by Europeans."

"How am I to know the truth of this?"

"You have our word in the first place, and our escape from them in the second."

"You belonged to a Dutch East-Indiaman. Are you officers or common seamen?"

Krantz, who considered that they were less likely to be detained if they concealed their rank on board, gave Philip a slight touch with his finger as he replied, "We are inferior officers. I was third mate, and this man was pilot."

"And your captain, where is he?"

"I—I cannot say, whether he is alive or dead."

"Had you no woman on board?"

"Yes! the captain had his wife."

"What has become of her?"

"She is supposed to have perished on a portion of the raft which broke adrift."

"Ha!" replied the Commandant, who remained silent for some time.

Philip looked at Krantz, as much as to say, “ Why all this subterfuge ;” but Krantz gave him a sign to leave him to speak.

“ You say you don’t know whether your captain is alive or dead ?”

“ I do.”

“ Now, suppose I was to give you your liberty, would you have any objection to sign a paper, stating his death, and swearing to the truth of it ?”

Philip stared at the Commandant, and then at Krantz.

“ I see no objection, exactly ; except that if it were sent home to Holland we might get into trouble. May I ask, signor Commandant, why you wish for such a paper ?”

“ No !” roared the little man, in a voice like thunder. “ I will give no reason, but that I wish it ; that is enough ; take your choice—the dungeon, or liberty and a passage by the first vessel which calls.”

“ I don’t doubt—in fact—I’m sure, he must be dead by this time,” replied Krantz, drawing

out the words in a musing manner. “Commandant, will you give us till to-morrow morning to make our calculations?”

“Yes! you may go.”

“But not to the dungeon, Commandant,” replied Krantz; “we are not prisoners, certainly; and, if you wish us to do you a favour, surely you will not ill-treat us?”

“By your own acknowledgment you have taken up arms against the most Christian King; however, you may remain at liberty for the night—to-morrow morning will decide whether or no you are prisoners.”

Philip and Krantz thanked the little Commandant for his kindness, and then hastened away to the ramparts. It was now dark, and the moon had not yet made her appearance. They sat there on the parapet, enjoying the breeze, and feeling the delight of liberty, even after their short incarceration; but, near to them, soldiers were either standing or lying, and they spoke but in whispers.

“What could he mean by requiring us to give a certificate of the captain’s death ; and why did you answer as you did ?”

“Philip Vanderdecken, that I have often thought of the fate of your beautiful wife, you may imagine ; and, when I heard that she was brought here, I then trembled for her. What must she appear, lovely as she is, when placed in comparison with the women of this country ? And that little Commandant—is he not the very person who would be taken with her charms ? I denied our condition, because I thought he would be more likely to allow us our liberty as humble individuals, than as captain and first mate ; particularly as he suspects that we led on the Ternate people to the attack ; and when he asked for a certificate of your death, I immediately imagined that he wanted it in order to induce Amine to marry him. But where is she ? is the question. If we could only find out that soldier, we might gain some information.”

“Depend upon it, she is here,” replied Philip, clenching his hands.

“I am inclined to think so,” said Krantz; “that she is alive, I feel assured.”

The conversation was continued until the moon rose, and threw her beams over the tumbling waters. Philip and Krantz turned their faces towards the sea, and leant over the battlements in silence; after some time their reveries were disturbed by a person coming up to them with a “*Buenos noches, signor.*”

Krantz immediately recognised the Portuguese soldier, whose conversation with him had been interrupted.

“Good night, my friend! We thank Heaven that you have no longer to turn the key upon us.”

“Yes, I’m surprised!” replied the soldier, in a low tone. “Our Commandant is fond of exercising his power; he rules here without appeal, that I can tell you.”

“He is not within hearing of us now,” replied

Krantz. "It is a lovely spot this to live in! How long have you been in this country?"

"Now, thirteen years, signor, and I'm tired of it. I have a wife and children in Oporto—that is, I *had*—but whether they are alive or not, who can tell?"

"Do you not expect to return and see them?"

"Return—signor! no Portuguese soldier like me ever returns. We are enlisted for five years, and we lay our bones here."

"That is hard indeed."

"Hard, signor," replied the soldier in a low whisper; "it is cruel and treacherous. I have often thought of putting the muzzle of my arquebuse to my head; but while there's life there's hope."

"I pity you, my good fellow," rejoined Krantz; "look you, I have two gold pieces left—take one; you may be able to send it home to your poor wife."

"And here is one of mine, too, my good fellow," added Philip, putting another in his hand.

“ Now may all the saints preserve you, signors,” replied the soldier, “ for it is the first act of kindness shown to me for many years—not that my wife and children have much chance of ever receiving it.”

“ You were speaking about a young European woman when we were in the dungeon,” observed Krantz, after a pause.

“ Yes, signor, she was a very beautiful creature. Our Commandant was very much in love with her.”

“ Where is she now ?”

“ She went away to Goa, in company with a priest who knew her, Father Mathias, a good old man ; he gave me absolution when he was here.”

“ Father Mathias !” exclaimed Philip ; but a touch from Krantz checked him.

“ You say the Commandant loved her ?”

“ Oh yes ; the little man was quite mad about her ; and had it not been for the arrival of Father Mathias, he would never have let her

go, that I'm sure of, although she was another man's wife."

"Sailed for Goa, you said?"

"Yes, in a ship which called here. She must have been very glad to have got away, for our little Commandant persecuted her all day long, and she evidently was grieving for her husband. Do you know, signors, if her husband is alive?"

"No, we do not; we have heard nothing of him."

"Well, if he is, I hope he will not come here; for should the Commandant have him in his power, it would go hard with him. He is a man who sticks at nothing. He is a brave little fellow, *that* cannot be denied; but to get possession of that lady, he would remove all obstacles at any risk—and a husband is a very serious one, signors. Well, signors," continued the soldier, after a pause, "I had better not be seen here too long; you may command me if you want any thing; recollect, my name is Pedro—good night to you, and a thousand thanks," and the soldier walked away.

“ We have made one friend, at all events,” said Krantz, “ and we have gained information of no little importance.”

“ Most important,” replied Philip. “ Amine then has sailed for Goa with Father Mathias ! I feel that she is safe, and in good hands. He is an excellent man, that Father Mathias—my mind is much relieved.”

“ Yes ; but recollect you are in the power of your enemy. We must leave this place as quick as we can—to-morrow we must sign the paper. It is of little consequence, as we shall probably be at Goa before it arrives ; and even if we are not, the news of your death would not occasion Amine to marry this little withered piece of mortality.”

“ That I feel assured of ; but it may cause her great suffering.”

“ Not worse than her present suspense, believe me, Philip ; but it is useless canvassing the past—it must be done. I shall sign as Cornelius Richter, our third mate ; you, as Jacob Vantreat—recollect that.”

“ Agreed,” replied Philip, who then turned away, as if willing to be left to his own thoughts. Krantz perceived it, and laid down under the embrasure, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tired out with the fatigue of the day before, Philip had laid himself down by Krantz and fallen asleep; early the next morning he was awakened by the sound of the Commandant's voice, and his long sword rattling as usual upon the pavement. He rose, and found the little man rating the soldiers—threatening some with the dungeon, others with extra duty. Krantz was also on his feet before the Commandant had finished his morning's lecture. At last, perceiving them, in a stern voice he ordered them to follow him into his apartment. They did so, and the Commandant throwing himself upon his sofa, inquired whether they were ready to sign the required paper, or go back to the dungeon.—Krantz replied that they

had been calculating chances, and that they were in consequence so perfectly convinced of the death of the captain, that they were willing to sign any paper to that effect ; at which reply, the Commandant immediately became very gracious, and having called for materials, he wrote out the document, which was duly subscribed to by Krantz and Philip. As soon as they had signed it, and he had it in his possession, the little man was so pleased, that he requested them to partake of his breakfast.

During the repast, he promised that they should leave the island by the first opportunity. Although Philip was taciturn, yet as Krantz made himself very agreeable, the Commandant invited them to dinner. Krantz, as they became more familiar, informed him that they had each a few pieces of gold, and wished to be allowed a room where they could keep their table. Whether it was the want of society or the desire of obtaining the gold, probably both, the Commandant offered that they should join his table

and pay their proportion of the expenses ; a proposal which was gladly acceded to. The terms were arranged, and Krantz insisted upon putting down the first week's payment in advance. From that moment the Commandant was the best of friends with them, and did nothing but caress them whom he had so politely shoved into a dungeon below water. It was on the evening of the third day, as they were smoking their Manilla cheroots, that Krantz, perceiving the Commandant in a peculiarly good humour, ventured to ask him why he was so anxious for a certificate of the captain's death ; and in reply was informed, much to the astonishment of Philip, that Amine had agreed to marry him upon his producing such a document.

“ Impossible,” cried Philip, starting from his seat.

“ Impossible, signor, and why impossible ?” replied the Commandant curling his mustachios with his fingers, with a surprised and angry air.

“ I should have said impossible too,” inter-
vol. III. E

rupted Krantz, who perceived the consequences of Philip's indiscretion, "for had you seen, Commandant, how that woman doated upon her husband, how she fondled him, you would with us have said, it was impossible that she could have transferred her affections so soon; but women are women, and soldiers have a great advantage over other people; perhaps she has some excuse, Commandant.—Here's your health, and success to you."

"It is exactly what I would have said," added Philip, acting upon Krantz's plan: "but she has a great excuse, Commandant, when I recollect her husband, and have you in my presence."

Soothed with the flattery, the Commandant replied, "Why, yes, they say military men are very successful with the fair sex.—I presume it is because they look up to us for protection, and where can they be better assured of it, than with a man who wears a sword at his thigh.—Come, signors, we will drink her health. Here's to the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken."

“To the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken,” cried Krantz, tossing off his wine.

“To the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken,” followed Philip. “But, Commandant, are you not afraid to trust her at Goa, where there are so many enticements for a woman, so many allurements held out for her sex?”

“No, not in the least—I am convinced that she loves me—nay, between ourselves, that she doats upon me.”

“Liar!” exclaimed Philip.

“How, signor! is that addressed to me?” cried the Commandant, seizing his sword which lay on the table.

“No, no,” replied Philip, recovering himself; “it was addressed to her; I have heard her swear to her husband, that she would exist for no other but him.”

“Ha! ha! Is that all?” replied the Commandant, “my friend, you do not know women.”

“No, nor is he very partial to them either,” replied Krantz, who then leant over to the Com-

mandant and whispered, "He is always so when you talk of women. He was cruelly jilted once, and hates the whole sex."

"Then we must be merciful to him," replied the little officer: "suppose we change the subject."

When they repaired to their own room, Krantz pointed out to Philip the necessity for his commanding his feelings, as otherwise they would again be immured in the dungeon. Philip acknowledged his rashness, but pointed out to Krantz, that the circumstance of Amine having promised to marry the Commandant, if he procured certain intelligence of his death, was the cause of his irritation. "Can it be so? Is it possible that she can have been so false," exclaimed Philip; "yet his anxiety to procure that document seems to warrant the truth of his assertion."

"I think, Philip, that in all probability it is true," replied Krantz, carelessly; "but of this you may be assured that she has been placed in a situation of great peril, and has

only done so to save herself for your sake. When you meet, depend upon it she will fully prove to you that necessity had compelled her to deceive him in that way, and that if she had not done so, she would, by this time, have fallen a prey to his violence."

"It may be so," replied Philip, gravely.

"It is so, Philip, my life upon it. Do not for a moment harbour a thought so injurious to one who lives but in your love. Suspect that fond and devoted creature! I blush for you, Philip Vanderdecken."

"You are right, and I beg her pardon for allowing such feelings or thoughts to have for one moment overpowered me," responded Philip; "but it is a hard case for a husband, who loves as I do, to hear his wife's name bandied about, and her character assailed by a contemptible wretch like this Commandant."

"It is, I grant; but still I prefer even that to a dungeon," replied Krantz, "and so, good night."

For three weeks they remained in the fort, every day becoming more intimate with the Commandant, who often communicated with Krantz, when Philip was not present, turning the conversation upon his love for Amine, and entering into a minute detail of all that had passed. Krantz perceived that he was right in his opinion, and that Amine had only been cajoling the Commandant, that she might escape. But the time passed heavily away with Philip and Krantz, for no vessel made its appearance.

“When shall I see her again?” soliloquised Philip one morning as he lolled over the parapet, in company with Krantz.

“See! who?” said the Commandant, who happened to be at his elbow.

Philip turned round, and stammered something unintelligible.

“We were talking of his sister, Commandant,” said Krantz, taking his arm, and leading him away.—“Do not mention the subject to my

friend, for it is a very painful one, and forms one reason why he is so inimical to the sex. She was married to his intimate friend, and ran away from her husband : it was his only sister ; and the disgrace broke his mother's heart, and has made him miserable. Take no notice of it, I beg."

" No, no; certainly not ; I don't wonder at it : the honour of one's family is a serious affair," replied the Commandant.—" Poor young man, what with his sister's conduct, and the falsehood of his own intended, I don't wonder at his being so grave and silent. Is he of good family, signor ?"

" One of the noblest in all Holland," replied Krantz ;—" he is heir to a large property, and independent by the fortune of his mother ; but these two unfortunate events induced him to quit the States secretly, and he embarked for these countries that he might forget his grief."

" One of the noblest families ?" replied the Commandant ;—" then he is under an assumed

name—Jacob Vancheat is not his true name, of course.”

“ Oh no,” replied Krantz ;—“ that it is not, I assure you; but my lips are sealed on that point.”

“ Of course, except to a friend, who can keep a secret. I will not ask it now. So he is really noble ?”

“ One of the highest families in the country, possessing great wealth and influence—allied to the Spanish nobility by marriage.”

“ Indeed !” rejoined the Commandant, musing —“ I dare say he knows many of the Portuguese as well.”

“ No doubt of it, they are all more or less connected.”

“ He must prove to you a most valuable friend, Signor Richter.”

“ I consider myself provided for for life as soon as we return home. He is of a very grateful, generous disposition, as he would prove to you, should you ever fall in with him again.”

“ I have no doubt of it ; and I can assure you that I am heartedly tired of staying in this country. Here I shall remain probably for two years more before I am relieved, and then shall have to join my regiment at Goa, and not be able to obtain leave to return home without resigning my commission. But he is coming this way.”

After this conversation with Krantz, the alteration in the manner of the Portuguese Commandant, who had the highest respect for nobility, was most marked. He treated Philip with a respect, which was observable to all in the fort ; and which was, until Krantz had explained the cause, a source of astonishment to Philip himself. The Commandant often introduced the subject to Krantz, and sounded him as to whether his conduct towards Philip had been such, as to have made a favourable impression ; for the little man now hoped, that, through such an influential channel, he might reap some benefit.

Some days after this conversation, as they were all three seated at table, a corporal entered, and saluting the Commandant, informed him that a Dutch sailor had arrived at the fort, and wished to know whether he should be admitted. Both Philip and Krantz turned pale at this communication—they had a presentiment of evil, but they said nothing. The sailor was ordered in, and in a few minutes, who should make his appearance but their tormentor, the one-eye'd Schriften. On perceiving Philip and Krantz seated at the table, he immediately exclaimed, “ Oh ! Captain Philip Vanderdecken, and my good friend Mynheer Krantz, first mate of the good ship Utrecht, I am glad to meet you again.”

“ Captain Philip Vanderdecken !” roared the Commandant, as he sprung from his chair.

“ Yes, that is my Captain, Mynheer Philip Vanderdecken ; and that is my first mate, Mynheer Krantz ; both of the good ship Utrecht : we were wrecked together, were we not, Mynheer ? He ! he !”

“ Sangue de—Vanderdecken ! the husband ? Corpo del Diavolo—is it possible ” cried the Commandant, panting for breath, as he seized his long sword with both hands and clenched it with fury.—“ What then, I have been deceived, cajoled, laughed at !” Then, after a pause—the veins of his forehead distending so as almost to burst—he continued, with a suppressed voice, “ Most noble sir, I thank you ; but now it is my turn.—What, ho ! there ! Corporal—men, here instantly—quick !”

Philip and Krantz felt convinced that all denial was useless. Philip folded his arms and made no reply. Krantz merely observed, “ A little reflection will prove to you, sir, that this indignation is not warranted.”

“ Not warranted !” rejoined the Commandant with a sneer ; “ you have deceived me ; but you are caught in your own trap. I have the paper signed, which I shall not fail to make use of. *You* are dead you know, captain ; I have your own hand to it, and your wife will be glad to believe it.”

“ She has deceived you, Commandant, to get out of your power, nothing more,” said Vanderdecken. “ She would spurn a contemptible withered wretch like yourself, were she as free as the wind.”

“ Go on, go on; it will be my turn soon. Corporal, throw these two men into the dungeon: a sentry at the door 'till further orders. Away with them. Most noble sir, perhaps your influential friends in Holland and Spain will enable you to get out again.”

Philip and Krantz were led away by the soldiers, who were very much surprised at this change of treatment. Schriften followed them; and as they walked across the rampart to the stairs which led to their prison, Krantz, in his fury, burst from the soldiers, and bestowed a kick upon Schriften which sent him several feet forward on his face.

“ That was a good one — he ! he !” cried Schriften, smiling and looking at Krantz as he regained his legs.

There was an eye, however, which met theirs

with an intelligent glance, as they descended the stairs to the dungeon. It was that of the soldier Pedro. It told them that there was one friend upon whom they could rely, and who would spare no endeavour to assist them in their new difficulty. It was a consolation to them both; a ray of hope which cheered them as they once more descended the narrow steps, and heard the heavy key turned which again secured them in their dungeon,

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ **T**HUS are all our hopes wrecked,” said Philip, mournfully; “ what chance have we now of escaping from this little tyrant ?”

“ **C**hances turn up,” replied Krantz; “ at present, the prospect is not very cheering. Let us hope for the best.”

“ **I** have an idea in my head which may probably be turned to some account,” replied Krantz; “ as soon as the little man’s fury is over.”

“ **W**hich is”—

“ **T**hat, much as he likes your wife, there is something which he likes quite as well—money. Now, as we know where all the treasure is concealed, I think he may be tempted to offer us our liberty, if we were to promise to put it into his possession.”

“ That is not impossible. Confound that little malignant wretch Schriften ; he certainly is not, as you say, of this world. He has been my persecutor through life, and appears to act from an impulse not his own.”

“ Then must he be part and portion of your destiny. I’m thinking whether our noble Commandant intends to leave us without anything to eat or drink.”

“ I should not be surprised : that he will attempt my life I am convinced of, but not that he can take it ; he may, however, add to its sufferings.”

As soon as the Commandant had recovered from his fury, he ordered Schriften in, to be examined more particularly ; but after every search made for him, Schriften was no where to be found. The sentry at the gate declared that he had not passed ; and a new search was ordered, but in vain. Even the dungeons and galleries below were examined, but without success.

“ Can he be locked up with the other prison-

ers?" thought the Commandant: "impossible—but I will go and see."

He descended and opened the door of the dungeon, looked in, and was about to return without speaking, when Krantz said, "Well, signor, this is kind treatment, after having lived so long and so amicably together; to throw us into prison merely because a fellow declares that we are not what we represented ourselves to be; perhaps you will allow us a little water to drink?"

The Commandant, confused by the extraordinary disappearance of Schriften, hardly knew how to reply. He at last said in a milder tone than was to be anticipated, "I will order them to bring some, signor."

He then closed the door of the dungeon and disappeared.

"Strange," observed Philip, "he appears more pacified already."

In a few minutes the door was again opened, and Pedro came in with a chatty of water.

“ He has disappeared like magic, signors, and is no where to be found. We have searched everywhere, but in vain.”

“ Who ?—the little old seaman ?”

“ Yes, he whom you kicked as you were led to prison. The people all say, that it must have been a ghost. The sentry declares that he never left the fort, nor came near him ; so, how he has got away is a riddle, which I perceive has frightened our Commandant not a little.”

Krantz gave a long whistle as he looked at Philip.

“ Are you to have charge of us, Pedro ?”

“ I hope so.”

“ Well, tell the Commandant that when he is ready to listen to me, I have something of importance to communicate.”

Pedro went out.

“ Now, Philip, I can frighten this little man into allowing us to go free, if you will consent to say that you are not the husband of Amine.”

“ That I cannot do, Krantz. I will not utter such a falsehood.”

“ I was afraid so, and yet it appears to me that we may avail ourselves of duplicity to meet cruelty and injustice. Unless you do as I propose, I hardly know how I can manage it ; however, I will try what I can do.”

“ I will assist you in every way, except disclaiming my wife : that I never will do.”

“ Well then, I will see if I can make up a story that will suit all parties : let me think.”

Krantz continued musing as he walked up and down, and was still occupied with his own thoughts when the door opened, and the Commandant made his appearance.

“ You have something to impart to me, I understand—what is it ?”

“ First, sir, bring that little wretch down here and confront him with us.”

“ I see no occasion for that,” replied the Commandant ; “ what, sir, may you have to say ?”

“ Do you know who you have in your company when you speak to that one-eye’d deformity ?”

“ A Dutch sailor, I presume.”

“ No—a spirit—a demon—who occasioned the loss of the vessel ; and who brings misfortune wherever he appears.”

“ Holy Virgin! What do you tell me, signor ?”

“ The fact, signor Commandant. We are obliged to you for confining us here, while he is in the fort ; but beware for yourself.”

“ You are laughing at me.”

“ I am not ; bring him down here. This noble gentleman has power over him. I wonder, indeed, at his daring to stay while he is so near ; he has on his heart that which will send him trembling away.—Bring him down here, and you shall at once see him vanish with curses and screams.”

“ Heaven defend us !” cried the Commandant, terrified.

“ Send for him now, signor ?”

“ He is gone—vanished—not to be found !”

“ I thought as much,” replied Philip, significantly.

“ He is gone—vanished—you say. Then, Commandant, you will probably apologise to this

noble gentleman for your treatment of him, and permit us to return to our former apartments. I will there explain to you this most strange and interesting history."

The Commandant, more confused than ever, hardly knew how to act. At last he bowed to Philip, and begged that he would consider himself at liberty; and, continued he to Krantz, "I shall be most happy at an immediate explanation of this affair, for every thing appears so contradictory."

"And must, until it is explained. I will follow you into your own room; a courtesy you must not expect from my noble friend, who is not a little indignant at your treatment of him."

The Commandant went out, leaving the door open. Philip and Krantz followed: the former retiring to his own apartment; the latter, bending his steps after the Commandant to his sitting-room. The confusion which whirled in the brain of the Commandant, made him appear most ridiculous. He hardly knew whether to

be imperative or civil ; whether he was really speaking to the first mate of the vessel, or to another party ; or whether he had insulted a noble, or been cajoled by a captain of a vessel : he threw himself down on his sofa, and Krantz, taking his seat in a chair, stated as follows :

“ You have been partly deceived and partly not, Commandant. When we first came here, not knowing what treatment we might receive, we concealed our rank ; afterwards I made known to you the rank of my friend on shore ; but did not think it worth while to say anything about his situation on board of the vessel. The fact is, as you may well suppose of a person of his dignity, he was owner of the fine ship which was lost through the intervention of that one-eye'd wretch ; but of that by-and-bye. Now for the story. About ten years ago there was a great miser in Amsterdam ; he lived in the most miserable way that a man could live in ; wore nothing but rags ; and having been formerly a seaman, his attire was generally of the descrip-

tion common to his class. He had one son, to whom he denied the necessaries of life, and whom he treated most cruelly. After vain attempts to possess a portion of his father's wealth, the devil instigated the son to murder the old man, who was one day found dead in his bed ; but as there were no marks of violence which could be sworn to, although suspicion fell upon the son, the affair was hushed up, and the young man took possession of his father's wealth. It was fully expected that there would now be rioting and squandering on the part of the heir, as is usually the case ; but, on the contrary, he never spent any thing, but appeared to be as poor—even poorer—than he ever was. Instead of being gay and merry, he was, in appearance, the most miserable, downcast person in the world ; and he wandered about, seeking a crust of bread wherever he could find it. Some said that he had been inoculated by his father, and was as great a miser as his father had been ; others shook their heads, and said that all was not right. At last,

after pining away for six or seven years, the young man died at an early age, without confession or absolution ; in fact, he was found dead in his bed. Beside the bed there was a paper, addressed to the authorities, in which he acknowledged that he had murdered his father for the sake of his wealth ; and that when he went to take some of it for his expenses on the day afterwards, he found his father's spirit sitting on the bags of money, and menacing him with instant death, if he touched one piece. He returned again and again, and found his father a sentinel as before. At last, he gave up attempting to obtain it ; his crime made him miserable, and he continued in possession, without daring to expend one sixpence of all the money. He requested that, as his end was approaching, the money should be given to the church of his patron saint, wherever that church might be found ; if there was not one, then that a church might be built and endowed. Upon investigation, it appeared that there was no such church in either Holland or

the Low Countries (for you know that there are not many Catholics there) ; and they applied to the Catholic countries, Lisbon and Spain, but there again they were at fault ; and it was discovered, that the only church dedicated to that saint was one which had been erected by a Portuguese nobleman in the city of Goa, in the East Indies. The Catholic bishop determined that the money should be sent to Goa ; and, in consequence, it was embarked on board of my patron's vessel, to be delivered up to the first Portuguese authorities he might fall in with.

“ Well, signor, the money, for better security, was put down into the captain's cabin, which, of course, was occupied by my noble friend, and when he went to bed the first night he was surprised to perceive a little one-eye'd old man sitting on the boxes.”

“ Merciful Saviour !” exclaimed the Commandant, “ what, the very same little man who appeared here this day ?”

“ The very same,” replied Krantz.

The Commandant crossed himself, and Krantz proceeded :—“ My noble patron was, as you may imagine, rather alarmed ; but he is very courageous in disposition, and he enquired of the old man who he was, and how he had come on board ?

“ ‘ I came on board with my own money,’ replied the spectre. ‘ It is all my own, and I shall keep it. The church shall never have one stiva of it if I can help it.’

‘ ‘ Whereupon, my patron pulled out a famous relic, which he wears on his bosom, and held it towards him ; at which the old man howled and screamed, and then most unwillingly disappeared. For two more nights the spectre was obstinate, but at the sight of the relic, he invariably went off howling, as if in great pain ; every time that he went away, invariably crying out ‘ Lost—lost !’—and during the remainder of the voyage he did not trouble us any more.

“ We thought, when our patron told us this, that he referred to the money being lost to him,

but it appears he referred to the ship; indeed it was very inconsiderate to have taken the wealth of a parricide on board; we could not expect any good fortune with such a freight, and so it proved. When the ship was lost, our patron was very anxious to save the money; it was put on the raft, and when we landed, it was taken on shore and buried, that it might be restored and given to the church to which it had been bequeathed; but the men who buried it are all dead, and there is no one but my friend here, the patron, who knows the spot. —I forgot to say, that as soon as the money was landed on the island and buried, the spectre appeared as before, and seated himself over the spot where the money was interred. I think, if this had not been the case, the seamen would have taken possession of it. But, by his appearance here this day, I presume he is tired, and has deserted his charge, or else has come here that the money might be sent for, though I cannot understand why."

“ Strange—very strange!—so there is a large treasure buried in the sand?”

“ There is.”

“ I should think, by the spectre’s coming here, that he has abandoned it.”

“ Of course it has, or it would not be here.”

“ What can you imagine to have been the cause of its coming?”

“ Probably to announce its intention, and request my friend to have the treasure sent for; but you know he was interrupted.”

“ Very true; but he called your friend Vanderkecken.”

“ It was the name which he took on board of the ship.”

“ And it was the name of the lady.”

“ Very true; he fell in with her at the Cape of Good Hope and brought her away with him.”

“ Then she is his wife?”

“ I must not answer that question. It is quite sufficient that he treats her as his wife.”

“ Ah! indeed. But about this treasure:

You say that no one knows where it is buried, but the patron as you call him?"

" No one."

" Will you express my regret at what has passed, and tell him I will have the pleasure of seeing him to-morrow."

" Certainly, signor," replied Krantz, rising from his chair ; and wishing the Commandant a good evening as he retired.

" I was after one thing and have found another. A spectre that must have been ; but he must be a bold spectre that can frighten me from doubloons — besides, I can call in the priests. Now, let me see ; if I let this man go on condition that he reveals the site of the treasure to the authorities, that is to *me*, why then I need not lose the fair young woman. If I forward this paper to her, why then I gain her —but I must first get rid of him. Of the two, I prefer—yes !—the gold ! But I cannot obtain both. At all events, let me obtain the money first ; I want it more than the church does :

but, if I do get the money, these two men can expose me. I must get rid of them; silence them for ever—and then perhaps I may obtain the fair Amine also. Yes, their death will be necessary to secure either—that is, after I have the first in my possession.—Let me think.”

For some minutes the Commandant walked up and down the room, reflecting upon the best method of proceeding. “ He says it was a spectre, and he has told a plausible story,” thought he; “ but I don’t know—I have my doubts—they may be tricking me. Well, be it so: if the money is there, I will have it; and if not, I will have my revenge. Yes! I have it: not only must they be removed, but by degrees all the others too who assist in bringing the treasure away;—then—but—who’s there, Pedro?”

“ Yes, signor.”

“ How long have you been here?”

“ But as you spoke, signor: I thought I heard you call.”

“ You may go—I want nothing.”

Pedro departed ; but he had been some time in the room, and had overheard the whole of the Commandant’s soliloquy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was a bright morning when the Portuguese vessel on which Amine was on board entered into the bay and roadstead of Goa. Goa was then at its zenith—a proud, luxurious, superb, wealthy city, the capital of the East, a City of Palaces, whose Viceroy reigned supreme. As they approached the river, the two mouths of which form the island upon which Goa is built, the passengers were all on deck ; and the Portuguese captain, who had often been there, pointed out to Amine the most remarkable buildings. When they had passed the forts they entered the river, the whole line of whose banks were covered with the country seats of the nobility and hidalgos—splendid buildings embosomed in groves of orange trees, whose perfume scented the air.

“There, signora, is the country palace of the Viceroy,” said the captain, pointing to a building which covered nearly three acres of ground.

The ship sailed on until they arrived nearly abreast of the town, when Amine’s eyes were directed to the lofty spires of the churches and other public edifices—for Amine had seen but little of cities during her life, as may be perceived when her history is recollected.

“That is the Jesuits’ church, with their establishment,” said the captain, pointing to a magnificent pile. “In the church, now opening upon us, lay the canonized bones of the celebrated Saint Francisco, who sacrificed his life in his zeal for the propagation of the gospel in these countries.”

“I have heard of him from Father Mathias,” replied Amine; “but what building is that?”

“The Augustine convent; and the other, to the right, is the Dominican.”

“Splendid, indeed!” observed Amine.

“The building you see now, on the water-

side, is the Viceroy's palace ; that to the right, again, is the convent of the bare-footed Carmelites : yon lofty spire is the cathedral of St. Catherine, and that beautiful and light piece of architecture is the church of our Lady of Pity. You observe there a building, with a dome, rising behind the Viceroy's palace ?"

" I do," replied Amine.

" That is the Holy Inquisition."

Although Amine had heard Philip speak of the Inquisition, she knew little about its properties; but a sudden tremor passed through her frame as the name was mentioned, which she could not herself account for.

" Now we open upon the Viceroy's palace, and you perceive what a beautiful building it is," continued the captain ; " that large pile a little above it is the Custom-house, abreast of which we shall come to an anchor. I must leave you now, signora."

A few minutes afterwards the ship anchored opposite the Custom-house. The captain and

passengers went on shore, with the exception of Amine, who remained in the vessel, while Father Mathias went in search of an eligible place of abode.

The next morning the priest returned on board the ship, with the intelligence that he had obtained a reception for Amine in the Ursuline convent, the abbess of which establishment he was acquainted with ; and, before Amine went on shore, he cautioned her that the lady-abbess was a strict woman, and would be pleased if she conformed, as much as possible, to the rules of the convent ; that this convent only received young persons of the highest and most wealthy families, and he trusted that she would be happy there. He also promised to call upon her, and talk upon those subjects so dear to his heart, and so necessary to her salvation. The earnestness and kindness with which the old man spoke melted Amine to tears, and the holy father quitted her side to go down and collect her baggage, with a warmth of feeling towards her

which he had seldom felt before, and with greater hopes than ever that his endeavours to convert her would not ultimately be thrown away.

“He is a good man,” thought Amine, as she descended — and Amine was right. Father Mathias was a good man, but, like all men, he was not perfect. A zealot in the cause of his religion, he would have cheerfully sacrificed his life as a martyr, but if opposed or thwarted in his views, he could then be cruel and unjust.

Father Mathias had many reasons for placing Amine in the Ursuline convent. He felt bound to offer her that protection which he had so long received under her roof; he wished her to be under the surveillance of the abbess, for he could not help imagining, although he had no proof, that she was still essaying or practising forbidden arts. He did not state this to the abbess, as he felt it would be unjust to raise suspicions; but he represented Amine as one who would do honour to their faith, to

which she was not yet quite converted. The very idea of effecting a conversion is to the tenants of a convent an object of surpassing interest, and the abbess was much better pleased to receive one who required her councils and persuasions, than a really pious Christian who would give her no trouble. Amine went on shore with Father Mathias ; she refused the palanquin which had been prepared for her, and walked up to the convent. They landed between the Custom-house and the Viceroy's palace, passed through to the large square behind it, and then went up the Strada Diretta, or Straight Street, which led up to the Church of Pity, near to which the convent is situated. This street is the finest in Goa, and is called Strada Diretta, from the singular fact that almost all the streets in Goa are quadrants or segments of circles. Amine was astonished : the houses were of stone, lofty and massive ; at each story was thrown out a balcony of marble, elaborately carved ; and over each door were the arms of the nobility, or

hidalgoes, to whom the houses belonged. The square behind the palace, and the wide streets, were filled with living beings. elephants with gorgeous trappings ; led or mounted horses in superb housings ; palanquins, carried by natives in splendid liveries ; running footmen ; syces ; every variety of nation, from the proud Portuguese to the half-covered native ; Musselmen, Arabs, Hindoos, Armenians ; officers and soldiers in their uniforms, all crowded and thronged together : all was bustle and motion. Such was the wealth, the splendour, and luxury of the proud city of Goa—the Empress of the East at the time we are now describing.

In half an hour they forced their way through the crowd, and arrived at the convent, where Amine was well received by the abbess ; and after a few minutes' conversation, Father Mathias took his leave : upon which the abbess immediately set about her task of conversion. The first thing she did was to order some dried sweet-meats—not a bad beginning, as they were pala-

table ; but as she happened to be very ignorant, and unaccustomed to theological disputes, her subsequent arguments did not go down as well as the fruit. After a rambling discourse of about an hour, the old lady felt tired, and felt as if she had done wonders. Amine was then introduced to the nuns, most of whom were young and all of good family. Her dormitory was shown to her, and expressing a wish to be alone, she was followed into her chamber by only sixteen of them, which was about as many as the chamber could well hold.

We must pass over the two months during which Amine remained in the convent. Father Mathias had taken every step to ascertain if her husband had been saved upon any of the islands which were under the Portuguese dominions, but could gain no information. Amine was soon weary of the convent ; she was persecuted by the harangues of the old abbess, but more disgusted at the conduct and conversation of the nuns. They all had secrets to confide to her—

secrets which had been confided to the whole convent before : such secrets, such stories, so different from Amine's chaste ideas, such impurity of thought that Amine was disgusted at them. But how could it be otherwise ; the poor creatures had been taken from the world in the full bloom of youth under a ripening sun, and had been immured in this unnatural manner to gratify the avarice and pride of their families. Its inmates being wholly composed of the best families, the rules of this convent were not so strict as others ; licenses were given—greater licenses were taken—and Amine, to her surprise, found that in this society, devoted to Heaven, there were exhibited more of the bad passions of human nature than she had before met with. Constantly watched, never allowed a moment to herself, her existence became unbearable : and after three months she requested Father Mathias would find her some other place of refuge ; telling him frankly that her residence in that place was not very likely to assist her conversion to the tenets of his faith.

Father Mathias fully comprehended her, but replied, "I have no means."

"Here are means," replied Amine, taking the diamond ring from her finger: "this is worth eight hundred ducats in our country; here I know not how much."

Father Mathias took the ring. "I will call upon you to-morrow morning, and let you know what I have done. I shall acquaint the lady abbess that you are going to your husband, for it would not be safe to let her suppose that you have reasons for quitting the convent. I have heard what you state mentioned before, but have treated it as scandal; but you, I know, are incapable of falsehood."

The next day Father Mathias returned, and had an interview with the abbess, who after a time sent for Amine, and told her that it was necessary that she should leave the convent. She consoled her as well as she could at leaving such a happy place, sent for some sweetmeats to make the parting less trying, gave her her blessing,

and made her over to Father Mathias ; who, when they were alone, informed Amine that he had disposed of the ring for eighteen hundred dollars, and had procured apartments for her in the house of a widow lady, with whom she was to board."

Taking leave of the nuns, Amine quitted the convent with Father Mathias, and was soon installed in her new apartments, in a house which formed part of a spacious square called the Terra di Sabaio. After the introduction to her hostess, Father Mathias left her. Amine found her apartments fronting the square, airy and commodious. The landlady, who had escorted her to view them, not having left her, she enquired " what large church that was on the other side of the square ? "

" It is the Ascension," replied the lady; " the music is very fine there ; we will go and hear it to-morrow, if you please."

" And that massive building in face of us ? "

" That is the Holy Inquisition," said the widow, crossing herself.

Amine again started, she knew not why. "Is that your child?" said Amine, as a boy of about twelve years old entered the room.

"Yes," replied the widow, "the only one that is left me. May God preserve him." The boy was handsome and intelligent, and Amine, for her own reasons, did every thing she could to make friends with him, and was successful.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AMINE had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa : she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank Heaven, I am alone and not watched," thought Amine, as she threw herself on the couch. "Philip, Philip, where are you?" exclaimed she ; "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She is gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

“ Yes, I will—tell it me.”

“ Nay I have nothing to tell, but I wish to do something : I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand.”

“ Oh ! yes, shew me, do shew me.”

“ If you promise not to tell.”

“ No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not.”

“ Then you shall see.”

A mine lighted some charcoal in a chafing dish, and put it at her feet ; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, singing, or rather chaunting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. A mine then threw frankincense and corianda seed into the chafing dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke ; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy’s right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the centre poured a small quantity of

the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of a half-a-crown.

“Now all is ready,” said Amine; “look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?”

“My own face,” replied the boy.

She threw more frankincense upon the chafing dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chaunted.

“Turshoon, turyo-shoon—come down, come down.

“Be present, ye servants of these names.

“Remove the veil, and be correct.”

The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing dish, still holding the boy’s hand.

“Tell me now, Pedro, what do you see?”

“I see a man sweeping,” replied Pedro, alarmed.

“Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?”

“ Yes, he has.”

And Amine muttered words, which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. “ Say now, Pedro, Philip Vanderdecken, appear.”

“ Philip Vanderdecken, appear!” responded the boy, trembling.

“ Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true?” said Amine anxiously.

“ I see a man lying down on the white sand ; (I don’t like this play.)”

“ Be not alarmed, Pedro, you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest, how the man is dressed ?”

“ He has a short coat—he has white trowsers—he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it.”

“ ’Tis he ! ’tis he ! and he lives ! Heaven, I thank thee. Look again, boy.”

“ He gets up, (I don’t like this play ; I am frightened ; indeed I am.)”

“ Fear not.”

“ Oh, yes, I am—I cannot,” replied Pedro, falling on his knees ; “ pray let me go.”

Pedro had turned his hand, and spilt the ink, the charm was broken, and Amine could learn no more. She soothed the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror, and be willing to resume the ceremonies.

“ My Philip lives—mother, dear mother, I thank you.”

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright ; for some days she did not say any thing to him, except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out, Pedro came in, and asked Amine “ whether they should not have the play over again ? ”

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy’s request, and soon had every-

thing prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense: again was she muttering her incantations: the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" when the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the widow, and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up—Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"Then I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Terneuse," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded over his breast, and with looks of indignation; "accursed sorceress! you are detected."

Amine returned his gaze with scorn, and coolly replied, "I am not of your creed—you know it. Eaves-dropping appears to be a portion of your religion. This is my chamber—it is not the first time I have had to request you to leave it—I do so now—you—and those who have come in with you."

"Take up all those implements of sorcery

first," said Father Mathias to his companions. The chafing-dish, and other articles used by Amine, were taken away ; and Father Mathias and the others quitting the room, Amine was left alone.

Amine had a foreboding that she was lost ; she knew that magic was a crime of the highest degree in Catholic countries, and that she had been detected in the very act. " Well, well ; " thought Amine ; " it is my destiny, and I can brave the worst."

To account for the appearance of Father Mathias and the witnesses, it must be observed, that the little boy Pedro had, the day after Amine's first attempt, forgotten his promise, and narrated to his mother all that had passed. The widow, frightened at what the boy had told her, thought it right to go to Father Mathias, and confide to him what her son had told her, as it was, in her opinion, sorcery. Father Mathias questioned Pedro closely, and, convinced that such was the case, determined to have witnesses

to confront Amine. He therefore proposed that the boy should appear to be willing to try again, and had instructed him for the purpose, having previously arranged that they should break in upon Amine, as we have described.

About half an hour afterwards, two men dressed in black gowns came into Amine's room, and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance ; they crossed the square ; the gate of a large building was opened ; they desired her to walk in, and, in a few seconds, Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PREVIOUS to continuing our narrative, it may be as well to give our readers some little insight into the nature, ceremonies, and regulations of the Inquisition ; and in describing that of Goa, we may be said to describe all others, with very trifling, if any, variation.

The Santa Casa, or Inquisition of Goa, is situated on one side of a large square, called the Terra di Sabaio. It is a massy handsome pile of stone buildings, with three doors in the front : the centre one is larger than the two lateral, and it is through the centre door that you go into the Hall of Judgment. The side-doors lead to spacious and handsome apartments for the Inquisitors, and officers attached to the establishment.

Behind these apartments are the cells and dungeons of the Inquisition ; they are in two long galleries, with double doors to each, and are about ten feet square. There are about two hundred of them ; some are much more comfortable than the others, as light and air are admitted into them : others are wholly dark. In the galleries the keepers watch, and not a word or a sound can proceed from any cell without their being able to overhear it. The treatment of those confined is, as far as respects their food, very good : great care is taken that the nourishment is of that nature that the prisoners may not suffer from the indigestion arising from want of exercise. Surgical attendance is also permitted them ; but, unless on very particular occasions, no priests are allowed to enter. Any consolation to be derived from religion, even the office of confessor and extreme unction, in case of dissolution, are denied them. Should they die during their confinement, whether proved guilty or not of the crime of which they

are accused, they are buried without any funeral ceremony, and tried afterwards; if then found guilty, their bones are disinterred, and the execution of their sentence is passed upon their remains.

There are two Inquisitors at Goa: one the Grand Inquisitor, and the other his second, who are invariably chosen from the order of St. Dominique; these two are assisted in their judgment and examinations by a large number selected from the religious orders, who are termed deputies of the Holy Office, but who only attend when summoned: they have other officers, whose duty it is to examine all published books, and ascertain if there is any thing in their pages contrary to the holy religion. There is also a public accuser, a procureur of the Inquisition, and lawyers, who are permitted to plead the case of the prisoners, but whose chief business and interest it is to obtain their secrets and betray them. What are termed *Familiars* of the Inquisition, are, in fact, nothing but

this description of people : but this disgraceful office is taken upon themselves by the highest nobility, who think it an honour, as well as a security, to be enrolled among the Familiars of the Inquisition, who are thus to be found dispersed throughout society ; and every careless word, or expression, is certain to be repeated to the Holy Office. A summons to attend at the Inquisition is never opposed ; if it were, the whole populace would rise and enforce it. Those who are confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition are kept separate ; it is a very uncommon thing to put two together : it is only done when it is considered that the prolonged solitude of the dungeon has created such a depression of spirits as to endanger the life of the party. Perpetual silence is enjoined and strictly kept. Those who wail or weep, or even pray, in their utter darkness, are forced by blows to be quiet. The cries and shrieks of those who suffer from this chastisement, or from the torture, are carried along the whole length of the corridors, terrify-

ing those who, in solitude and darkness, are anticipating the same fate.

The first question put to a person arrested by the Inquisition, is a demand, “What is his property?” He is desired to make an exact declaration of every thing that he is worth, and swear to the truth of his assertions; being informed that, if there is any reservation on his part, (although he may be at that time innocent of the charges produced against him)—he will, by his concealment, have incurred the wrath of the Inquisition; and that, if discharged for the crime he is accused of, he will again be arrested for having taken a false oath to the Inquisition; that, if innocent, his property will be safe, and not interfered with. It is not without reason that this demand is made. If a person accused confesses his crime, he is, in most cases, eventually allowed to go free, but all his property becomes confiscated.

By the rules of the Inquisition, it is made to appear as if those condemned have the shew of

justice ; for, although two witnesses are sufficient to warrant the apprehension of any individual, seven are necessary to convict him ; but as the witnesses are never confronted with the prisoners, and torture is often applied to the witnesses, it is not difficult to obtain the number required. Many a life is falsely sworn away by the witness, that he may save his own. The chief crimes which are noticed by the Inquisition are those of sorcery, heresy, blasphemy, and what is called *Judaism*.

To comprehend the meaning of this last crime, for which more people have suffered from the Inquisition than for any other, the reader must be informed, that when Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile drove all the Jews out of Spain, they fled to Portugal, where they were received on the sole condition that they should embrace Christianity : this they consented, or appeared to consent, to do ; but these converts were despised by the Portuguese people, who did not believe

them to be sincere. They obtained the title of *New Christians*, in contradistinction to that of *Old Christians*. After a time the two were occasionally intermingled in marriage; but when so, it was always a reproach to the old families; and descendants from these alliances were long termed, by way of reproach, as having a portion of the *New Christians* in them.

The descendants of the old families thus intermingled, not only lost *caste*, but, as the genealogy of every family was well known, they were looked upon with suspicion, and were always at the mercy of the Holy Office, when denounced for *Judaism*,—that is, for returning to the old Jewish practices of keeping the *Passover*, and the other ceremonies enforced by *Moses*.

Let us see how an accusation of this kind works in the hands of the Inquisition. A really sincere Catholic, descended from one of these unhappy families, is accused and arrested by the orders of the Inquisition; he is ordered to declare his property, which,—convinced of his

innocence, and expecting soon to be released, he does without reservation. But hardly has the key of the dungeon turned upon him, when all his effects are seized and sold by public auction ; it being well understood that they never will be restored to him. After some months' confinement, he is called into the Hall of Justice, and asked if he knows why he is in prison ; they advise him earnestly to confess and to conceal nothing, as it is the only way by which he can obtain his liberty. He declares his ignorance, and being sent for several times, persists in it. The period of the *Auto da Fé*, or Act of Faith, which takes place every two or three years, (that is, the public execution of those who have been found guilty by the Inquisition), approaches. The public accuser then comes forward, stating that the prisoner has been accused by a number of witnesses of Judaism. They persuade him to acknowledge his guilt ; he persists in his innocence ; they then pass a sentence on him, which they term *Convicto Invotivo*, which means “ found guilty,

but will not confess his crime ;" and he is sentenced to be burnt at the approaching celebration. After this they follow him to his cell, and exhort him to confess his guilt, and promise that if he does confess he shall be pardoned ; and these appeals are continued until the evening of the day before his execution. Terrified at the idea of a painful death, the wretch, at last, to save his life, consents. He is called into the Hall of Judgment, confesses the crime that he has not committed, and imagines that he is now saved. —Alas ! no ; he has entangled himself, and cannot escape.

“ You acknowledge that you have been guilty of observing the laws of Moses. These ceremonies cannot be performed alone ; you cannot have eaten the Paschal lamb *alone* ; tell us immediately, who were those who assisted at those ceremonies, or your life is still forfeited, and the stake is prepared for you.”

Thus has he accused himself without gaining anything, and if he wishes to save his life he

must accuse others ; and who can be accused but his own friends and acquaintances ? nay, in all probability, his own relations—his brothers, sisters, wife, sons or daughters—for it is natural to suppose that in all such practices a man will trust only his own family. Whether a man confesses his guilt, or dies asserting his innocence, his worldly property is in either case confiscated ; but it is of great consequence to the Inquisition that he should confess, as his act of confession, with his signature annexed, is publicly read, and serves to prove to the world that the Inquisition is impartial and just ; nay, more, even merciful, as it pardons those who have been proved to be guilty.

At Goa the accusations of sorcery and magic were much more frequent than at the Inquisitions at other places, arising from the customs and ceremonies of the Hindoos being very much mixed up with absurd superstitions. These people, and the slaves from other parts, very often embraced Christianity to please their masters ; but since, if

they had been baptized and were afterwards convicted of any crime, they were sentenced to the punishment by fire; whereas, if they had not been baptized, they were only punished by whipping, imprisonment, or the galleys; upon this ground alone many refused to embrace Christianity.

We have now detailed all that we consider, up to the present, necessary for the information of the reader; all that is omitted he will gather as we proceed with our history.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A FEW hours after Amine had been in the dungeon, the jailors entered : without speaking to her they let down her soft silky hair, and cut it close off. Amine, with her lip curled in contempt, and without resistance and expostulation, allowed them to do their work. They finished, and she was again left to her solitude.

The next day the jailors entered her cell, and ordered her to bare her feet, and follow them. She looked at them, and they at her. "If you do not, we must," observed one of the men, who was moved by her youth and beauty. Amine did as she was desired, and was led into the Hall of Justice, where she found only the Grand Inquisitor and the Secretary.

The Hall of Justice was a long room with lofty windows on each side, and also at the end opposite to the door through which she had been

led in. In the centre, on a raised dais, was a long table covered with a cloth of alternate blue and fawn-coloured stripes ; and at the end opposite to where Amine was brought in was raised an enormous crucifix, with a carved image of our Saviour. The jailor pointed to a small bench, and intimated to Amine that she was to sit down.

After a scrutiny of some moments, the Secretary spoke:—

“ What is your name ?”

“ Amine Vanderdecken.”

“ Of what country ?”

“ My husband is of the Low Countries ; I am from the East.”

“ What is your husband ?”

“ The captain of a Dutch Indiaman.”

“ How came you here ?”

“ His vessel was wrecked, and we were separated.”

“ Whom do you know here ?”

“ Father Mathias.”

“ What property have you ?”

“ None ; it is my husband’s.”

“ Where is it ?”

“ In the custody of Father Mathias.”

“ Are you aware why you are brought here ?”

“ How should I be ?” replied Amine, evasively ; “ tell me what I am accused of.”

“ You must know whether you have done wrong or not. You had better confess all your conscience accuses you of.”

“ My conscience does not accuse me of doing wrong.”

“ Then you will confess nothing ?”

“ By your own shewing, I have nothing to confess.”

“ You say you are from the East : are you a Christian ?”

“ I reject your creed.”

“ You are married to a Catholic ?”

“ Yes ! a true Catholic.”

“ Who married you ?”

“ Father Seysen, a Catholic priest.”

“ Did you enter into the bosom of the church ?—did he venture to marry you without your being baptized ?”

“ Some ceremony did take place which I consented to.”

“ It was baptism, was it not ?”

“ I believe it was so termed.”

“ And now you say that you reject the creed ?” •

“ Since I have witnessed the conduct of those who profess it, I do : at the time of my marriage I was disposed towards it.”

“ What is the amount of your property in the Father Mathias’s hands ?”

“ Some hundreds of dollars—he knows exactly.”

The Grand Inquisitor rang a bell ; the jailors entered, and Amine was led back to her dungeon.

“ Why should they ask so often about my money ?” mused Amine ; “ if they require it, they may take it. What is their power ? What would they do with me ? Well, well, a few days will decide.” A few days !—no, no, Amine ; years perhaps would have passed without decision, but that in four months from the date of your incarceration, the Auto da Fé, which had

not been celebrated for upwards of three years, was to take place, and there was not a sufficient number of those who were to undergo the last punishment to render the ceremony imposing. A few more were required for the stake, or you would not have escaped from those dungeons so soon. As it was, a month of anxiety and suspense, almost insupportable, had to be passed away, before Amine was again summoned to the Hall of Justice.

Amine, at the time we have specified, was again introduced to the Hall of Justice, and was again asked if she would confess. Irritated at her long confinement, and the injustice of the proceedings, she replied, “ I have told you once for all, that I have nothing to confess ; do with me as you will ; but be quick.”

“ Will torture oblige you to confess ?”

“ Try me,” replied Amine, firmly—“ try me, cruel men ; and if you gain but one word from me, then call me craven : I am but a woman—but I dare you—I defy you.”

It was seldom that such expressions fell upon

the ears of her judges, and still more seldom that a countenance was lighted up with such determination. But the torture was never applied until after the accusation had been made and answered.

“ We shall see,” said the Grand Inquisitor : “ take her away.”

Amine was led back to her cell. In the meantime, Father Mathias had had several conferences with the Inquisitor. Although, in his wrath he had accused Amine, and had procured the necessary witnesses against her, he now felt uneasy and perplexed. His long residence with her—her invariable kindness till the time of his dismissal—his knowledge that she had never embraced the faith—her boldness and courage, nay, her beauty and youth—all worked strongly in her favour. His only object now was, to persuade her to confess that she was wrong, induce her to embrace the faith, and save her. With this view he had obtained permission from the Holy Office to enter her dungeon, and reason

with her—a special favour which for many reasons they could not well refuse him. It was on the third day after her second examination, that the bolts were removed at an unusual hour, and Father Mathias entered the cell, which was again barred, and he was left alone with Amine. “ My child ! my child !” exclaimed Father Mathias, with sorrow in his countenance.

“ Nay, Father, this is mockery. It is you who brought me here—leave me.”

“ I brought you here, 'tis true ; but I would now remove you, if you will permit me, Amine.”

“ Most willingly ; I'll follow you.”

“ Nay, nay ! there is much to talk over, much to be done. This is not a dungeon from which people can escape so easily.”

“ Then tell me what have you to say ; and what is it must be done ?”

“ I will.”

“ But, stop ; before you say one word answer me one question as you hope for bliss : have you heard aught of Philip ?”

“ Yes, I have. He is well.”

“ And where is he ?”

“ He will soon be here.”

“ God, I thank you ! Shall I see him, Father ?”

“ That must depend upon yourself.”

“ Upon myself. Then tell me, quickly, what would they have me do ?”

“ Confess your sins—your crimes.”

“ What sins ?—what crimes ?”

“ Have you not dealt with evil beings, invoked the spirits, and gained the assistance of those who are not of this world ?”

Amine made no reply.

“ Answer me. Do you not confess ?”

“ I do not confess to have done anything wrong.”

“ This is useless. You were seen by me and others. What will avail your denial ? Are you aware of the punishment, which most surely awaits you, if you do not confess, and become a member of our church ?”

“ Why am I to become a member of your church ? Do you, then, punish those who refuse ? ”

“ No : had you not already consented to receive baptism, you would not have been asked to become so ; but having been baptized, you must now become a member, or be supposed to fall back into heresy.”

“ I knew not the nature of your baptism at that time.”

“ Granted : but you consented to it.”

“ Be it so. But, pray, what may be the punishment, if I refuse ? ”

“ You will be burnt alive at the stake ; nothing can save you. Hear me, Amine Vanderdecken : when next summoned, you must confess all ; and, asking pardon, request to be received into the church ; then will you be saved, and you will ”—

“ What ? ”

“ Again be clasped in Philip’s arms.”

“ My Philip ! my Philip ! you, indeed, press

me hard ; but, Father, if I confess I am wrong, when I feel that I am not"—

"Feel that you are not!"

"Yes. I invoked my mother's assistance ; she gave it me in a dream. Would a mother have assisted her daughter, if it were wrong?"

"It was not your mother, but a fiend who took the likeness."

"It was my mother. Again you ask me to say that I believe that which I cannot."

"That which you cannot ! Amine Vanderdecken, be not obstinate."

"I am not obstinate, good Father. Have you not offered me, what is to me beyond all price, that I should again be in the arms of my husband ? Can I degrade myself to a lie ? not for life, or liberty, or even for my Philip."

"Amine Vanderdecken, if you will confess your crime, before you are accused, you will have done much ; after your accussation has been made, it will be of little avail."

"It will not be done either before or after, Fa-

ther. What I have done I have done, but a crime it is not to me and mine ; with you it may be, but I am not of yours."

" Recollect also that you peril your husband, for having wedded with a sorceress. Forget not : to-morrow I will see you again."

" My mind is troubled," replied Amine. " Leave me, Father, it will be a kindness."

Father Mathias quitted the cell, pleased with the last words of Amine. The idea of her husband's danger seemed to have startled her.

Amine threw herself down on the mattress, in the corner of the cell, and hid her face.

" Burnt alive !" exclaimed she after a time, sitting up, and passing her hands over her forehead. " Burnt alive ! and these are Christians. This, then, was the cruel death foretold by that creature, Schriften—foretold—yes, and therefore must be : it is my destiny : I cannot save myself. If I confess, then, I confess that Philip is wedded to a sorceress, and he will be punished too. No, never—never : I can suffer,

'tis cruel—'tis horrible to think of—but 'twill soon be over. God of my fathers, give me strength against these wicked men, and enable me to bear all, for my dear Philip's sake."

The next evening Father Mathias again made his appearance. He found Amine calm and collected: she refused to listen to his advice, or follow his injunctions. His last observation, that "her husband would be in peril, if she was found guilty of sorcery," had steeled her heart, and she had determined that neither torture or the stake should make her confess the act. The priest left the cell, sick at heart; he now felt miserable at the idea of Amine's perishing by so dreadful a death; accused himself of precipitation, and wished that he had never seen Amine, whose constancy and courage, although in error, excited his admiration and his pity. And then he thought of Philip, who had treated him so kindly—how could he meet him? And if he asked for his wife—what answer could he give?

Another fortnight passed, when Amine was

again summoned to the Hall of Judgment, and again asked if she confessed her crimes. Upon her refusal, the accusations against her were read. She was accused by Father Mathias with practising forbidden arts, and the depositions of the boy Pedro, and the other witnesses, were read. In his zeal, Father Mathias also stated that he had found her guilty of the same practices at Terneuse ; and moreover, that in the violent storm when all expected to perish, she had remained calm and courageous, and told the captain that they would be saved ; which could only have been known by an undue spirit of prophecy, given by evil spirits. Amine's lip curled in derision when she heard the last accusation. She was asked if she had any defence to make.

“ What defence can be offered,” replied she, “ to such accusations as these? Witness the last—because I was not so craven as the Christians, I am accused of sorcery. The old dotard ! but I will expose him. Tell me, if one knows that sorcery is used, and conceals or allows it, is he not a participator and equally guilty ?”

“He is,” replied the Inquisitor, anxiously awaiting the result.

“Then I denounce”—And Amine was about to reveal that Philip’s mission was known, and not forbidden by Fathers Mathias and Seysen; when recollecting that Philip would be implicated, she stopped.

“Denounce whom?” inquired the Inquisitor.

“No one,” replied Amine, folding her arms and dropping her head.

“Speak, woman.”

Amine made no answer.

“The torture will make you speak.”

“Never!” replied Amine. “Never! Torture me to death, if you choose; I prefer it to a public execution.”

The Inquisitor and the Secretary consulted a short time. Convinced that Amine would adhere to her resolution, and requiring her for public execution, they abandoned the idea of the torture.

“Do you confess?” inquired the Inquisitor.

“No,” replied Amine, firmly.

“Then take her away.”

The night before the *auto da fé*, Father Mathias again entered the cell of Amine, but all his endeavours to convert her were useless.

“To-morrow will end it all, father,” replied Amine; “leave me—I would be alone.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

We must now return to Philip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese Commandant, he communicated to Philip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the Commandant. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage: but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow or another, and rejoin Amine?"

"Not so," replied Philip, "you must go with me, my friend: I feel that should I part with you, happiness would no longer be in store for me."

“Nonsense—that is but an idle feeling; besides, I will evade him somehow or another.”

“I will not shew the treasure, unless you go with me.”

“Well—you may try it at all events.”

A low tap at the door was heard. Philip rose and opened it, (for they had retired to rest,) and Pedro came in. Looking carefully round him, and then shutting the door softly, he put his finger on his lips to enjoin them to silence. He then in a whisper told them what he had overheard. “Contrive, if possible, that I go with you,” continued he; “I must leave you now; he still paces his room.” And Pedro slipped out of the door, and crawled stealthily away along the ramparts.

“The treacherous little rascal! But we will circumvent him, if possible,” said Krantz, in a low tone. Yes, Philip, you are right, we must both go, for you will require my assistance. I must persuade him to go himself. I’ll think of it—so Philip, good night.”

The next morning Philip and Krantz were summoned to breakfast ; the Commandant received them with smiles and urbanity. To Philip he was peculiarly courteous. As soon as the repast was over, he thus communicated to him his intentions and wishes :—

“ Signor, I have been reflecting upon what your friend told me, and the appearance of the spectre yesterday, which created such confusion ; it induced me to behave with a rashness for which I must now offer my most sincere apologies. The reflections which I have made, joined with the feelings of devotion which must be in the heart of every true Catholic, have determined me, with your assistance, to obtain this treasure dedicated to the holy church. It is my proposal that you should take a party of soldiers under your orders, proceed to the island on which it is deposited, and having obtained it, return here. I will detain any vessel which may in the mean time put into the roadstead, and you shall then be the bearers of the treasure

and of my letters to Goa. This will give you an honourable introduction to the authorities, and enable you to pass away your time there in the most agreeable manner. You will also, signor, be restored to your wife, whose charms had such an effect upon me ; and for mention of whose name in the very unceremonious manner which I did, I must excuse myself upon the ground of total ignorance of who she was, or of her being in any way connected with your honourable person. If these measures suit you, signor, I shall be most happy to give orders to that effect."

" As a good Catholic myself," replied Philip, " I shall be most happy to point out the spot where the treasure is concealed, and restore it to the church. Your apologies relative to my wife I accept with pleasure, being aware that your conduct proceeded from ignorance of her situation and rank ; but I do not exactly see my way clear. You propose a party of soldiers. Will they obey me ?—Are they to be trusted ?

—I shall have only myself and friend against them, and will they be obedient?"

"No fear of that, signor, they are well disciplined; there is not even occasion for your friend to go with you. I wish to retain him with me, to keep the company during your absence."

"Nay! that I must object to," replied Philip; "I will not trust myself alone."

"Perhaps I may be allowed to give an opinion on this subject," observed Krantz; "I see no reason, if my friend goes accompanied with a party of soldiers only, why I should not go with him; but I consider it would be unadvisable that he proceed in the way the Commandant proposes, either with or without me. You must recollect, Commandant, that it is no trifling sum which is to be carried away; that it will be open to view, and will meet the eyes of your men; that these men have been detained many years in this country, and are anxious to return home. When, therefore, they find themselves with only two strangers

with them—away from your authority, and in possession of a large sum of money—will not the temptation be too strong? They will only have to run down the southern channel, gain the port of Bantam, and they will be safe; having obtained both freedom and wealth. To send, therefore, my friend and me, would be to send us to almost certain death; but if you were to go, Commandant, then the danger would no longer exist. Your presence and your authority would control them; and, whatever their wishes or thoughts might be, they would quail before the flash of your eye."

"Very true—very true," replied Philip—"all this did not occur to me."

Nor had it occurred to the Commandant, but when pointed out, the force of these suggestions immediately struck him, and long before Krantz had finished speaking, he had resolved to go himself.

"Well, signors," replied he; "I am always ready to accede to your wishes; and since you

consider my presence necessary, and as I do not think there is any chance of another attack from the Ternate people just now, I will take upon myself the responsibility of leaving the fort for a few days under the charge of my lieutenant, while we do this service to Holy Mother Church. I have already sent for one of the native vessels, which are large and commodious, and will, with your permission, embark to-morrow."

" Two vessels will be better," observed Krantz ; " in the first place, in case of an accident ; and next, because we can embark all the treasure in one with ourselves, and put a portion of the soldiers in the other ; so that we may be in greater force, in case of the sight of so much wealth stimulating them to insubordination."

" True, signor, we will have two vessels ; your advice is good."

Every thing was thus satisfactorily arranged, with the exception of their wish that Pedro should accompany them on their expedition. They were debating how this should be brought

on the tapis, when the soldier came to them, and stated that the Commandant had ordered him to be of the party, and that he was to offer his services to the two strangers.

On the ensuing day every thing was prepared. Ten soldiers and a corporal had been selected by the Commandant ; and it required but little time to put into the vessels the provisions and other articles which were required. At daylight they embarked—the Commandant and Philip in one boat ; Krantz, with the corporal and Pedro, in the other. The men, who had been kept in ignorance of the object of the expedition, were now made acquainted with it by Pedro, and a long whispering took place between them, much to the satisfaction of Krantz, who was aware that the mutiny would soon be excited, when it was understood that those who composed the expedition were to be sacrificed to the avarice of the Commandant. The weather being fine, they sailed on during the night ; passed the island of Ternate at ten leagues' distance ; and before

morning were among the cluster of isles, the southernmost of which was the one on which the treasure had been buried. On the second night the vessels were beached upon a small island ; and then, for the first time, a communication took place between the soldiers who had been in the boat with Pedro and Krantz, and those who had been embarked with the Commandant. Philip and Krantz had also an opportunity of communicating apart for a short time.

When they made sail the next morning, Pedro spoke openly ; he told Krantz that the soldiers in the boat had made up their minds, and that he had no doubt that the others would do so before night ; although they had not decidedly agreed upon joining them in the morning when they had re-embarked. That they would despatch the Commandant, and then proceed to Batavia, and from thence obtain a passage home to Europe.

“ Cannot you accomplish your end without murder ? ”

“ Yes we could ; but not our revenge. You do not know the treatment which we have received from his hands ; and sweet as the money will be to us, his death will be even sweeter. Besides, has he not determined to murder us all in some way or another? It is but justice. No, no ; if there was no other knife ready—mine is.”

“ And so are all ours !” cried the other soldiers, putting their hands to their weapons.

One more day’s sail brought them within twenty miles of the island ; for Philip knew his landmarks well. Again they landed, and all retired to rest, the Commandant dreaming of wealth and revenge ; while it was arranging that the digging up of the treasure which he coveted should be the signal for his death.

Once more did they embark, and the Commandant heeded not the dark and lowering faces with which he was surrounded. He was all gaiety and politeness. Swiftly did they skim over the dark blue sea, between the beautiful islands with which it was studded ; and before

the sun was three hours high, Philip recognised the one sought after, and pointed out to the Commandant the notched cocoa-nut tree, which served as a guide to the spot where the money had been concealed. They landed on the sandy beach, and the shovels were ordered to be brought on shore by the impatient little officer; who little thought that every moment of time gained was but so much *time* lost to him, and that while he was smiling and meditating treachery, that others could do the same.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and, in a few minutes, the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up, and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labour; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The Commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four

knives simultaneously pierced him through the back ; he fell, and was expostulating when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Philip and Krantz remained silent spectators—the knives were drawn out, wiped, and replaced in their sheathes.

“ He has met his reward,” said Krantz.

“ Yes,” exclaimed the Portuguese soldiers—“ justice, nothing but justice.”

“ Signors, you shall have your share,” observed Pedro. “ Shall they not, my men ? ”

“ Yes ! yes ! ”

“ Not one dollar, my good friends,” replied Philip ; “ take all the money, and may you be happy ; all we ask is, your assistance to proceed on our way to where we are about to go. And now before you divide your money, oblige me by burying the body of that unfortunate man.”

The soldiers obeyed. Resuming their shovels, they soon scooped out a shallow grave ; the Commandant’s body was thrown in, and covered up from sight.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCARCELY had the soldiers performed their task, and thrown down their shovels, when they commenced an altercation. It appeared that this money was to be again the cause of slaughter and bloodshed. Philip and Krantz determined to sail immediately in one of the peroquas, and leave them to settle their disputes as they pleased. He asked permission of the soldiers to take from the provisions and water, of which there was ample supply, a larger proportion than was their share; stating, that he and Krantz had a long voyage and would require it, and pointing out to them that there were plenty of cocoa-nuts for their support. The soldiers, who thought of nothing but their newly-acquired wealth, allowed him to do as he pleased; and having hastily

collected as many cocoa-nuts as they could, to add to their stock of provisions, before noon Philip and Krantz had embarked, and made sail in the peroqua, leaving the soldiers with their knives again drawn, and so busy in their angry altercation as to be heedless of their departure.

“There will be the same scene over again, I expect,” observed Krantz, as the vessel parted swiftly from the shore.

“I have little doubt of it; observe, even now they are at blows and stabs.”

“If I were to name that spot, it should be the ‘*Accursed Isle.*’”

“Would not any other be the same, with so much to inflame the passions of men?”

“Assuredly: what a curse is gold!”

“And what a blessing!” replied Krantz. “I am sorry Pedro is left with them.”

“It is their destiny,” replied Philip; “so let’s think no more of them. Now what do you propose? With this vessel, small as she is, we may sail over these seas in safety; and we have,

I imagine, provisions sufficient for more than a month."

" My idea is to run into the track of the vessels going to the westward, and obtain a passage to Goa."

" And if we do not meet with any, we can at all events proceed up the Straits as far as Pulo Penang without risk. There we may safely remain until a vessel passes."

" I agree with you ; it is our best, nay our only place ; unless, indeed, we were to proceed to Cochin, where junks are always leaving for Goa."

" But that would be out of our way, and the junks cannot well pass us in the Straits without their being seen by us."

They had no difficulty in steering their course ; the islands by day, and the clear stars by night, were their compass. It is true that they did not follow the more direct track, but they followed the more secure, working up through the smooth waters, and gaining to the northward more than to the west. Many times were they chased by the Malay proas, which in-

fested the islands, but the swiftness of their little peroqua was their security ; indeed the chase was, generally speaking, abandoned, as soon as the smallness of the vessel was made out by the pirates, who expected that little or no booty was to be gained.

That Amine and Philip's mission was the constant theme of their discourse, may easily be imagined. One morning, as they were sailing between the isles, with less wind than usual, Philip observed :—

“ Krantz, you said that there were events in your own life, or connected with it, which would corroborate the mysterious tale I confided to you. Will you now tell me to what you referred ?”

“ Certainly,” replied Krantz ; “ I have often thought of doing so, but one circumstance or another has hitherto prevented me ; this is, however, a fitting opportunity. Prepare therefore to listen to a strange story, quite as strange, perhaps, as your own.

“ I take it for granted, that you have heard

people speak of the Hartz Mountains," observed Krantz.

" I have never heard people speak of them that I can recollect," replied Philip; " but I have read of them in some book, and of the strange things which have occurred there."

" It is indeed a wild region," rejoined Krantz, " and many strange tales are told of it; but, strange as they are, I have good reason for believing them to be true. I have told you, Philip, that I fully believe in your communion with the other world—that I credit the history of your father, and the lawfulness of your mission; for that we are surrounded, impelled, and worked upon by beings different in their nature from ourselves, I have had full evidence, as you will acknowledge, when I state what has occurred in my own family. Why such malevolent beings as I am about to speak of should be permitted to interfere with us, and punish, I may say, comparatively unoffending mortals, is beyond my comprehension; but that they are so permitted is most certain."

“ The great principle of all evil fulfils his work of evil ; why, then, not the other minor spirits of the same class ? ” enquired Philip. “ What matters it to us, whether we are tried by, and have to suffer from, the enmity of our fellow-mortals, or whether we are persecuted by beings more powerful and more malevolent than ourselves ? We know that we have to work out our salvation, and that we shall be judged according to our strength ; if then there be evil spirits who delight to oppress man, there surely must be, as Amine asserts, good spirits, whose delight is to do him service. Whether, then, we have to struggle against our passions only, or whether we have to struggle not only against our passions, but also the dire influence of unseen enemies, we ever struggle with the same odds in our favour, as the good are stronger than the evil which we combat. In either case we are on the 'vantage ground, whether, as in the first, we fight the good cause single-handed, or as in the second, although opposed, we have the host of Heaven ranged on our side. Thus are the

scales of Divine Justice evenly balanced, and man is still a free agent, as his own virtuous or vicious propensities must ever decide whether he shall gain or lose the victory."

"Most true," replied Krantz, "and now to my history.

"My father was not born, or originally a resident, in the Hartz Mountains; he was the serf of an Hungarian nobleman, of great possessions, in Transylvania; but, although a serf, he was not by any means a poor or illiterate man. In fact, he was rich, and his intelligence and respectability were such, that he had been raised by his lord to the stewardship; but, whoever may happen to be born a serf, a serf must he remain, even though he become a wealthyman: such was the condition of my father. My father had been married for about five years; and, by his marriage, had three children—my eldest brother Cæsar, myself (Hermann,) and a sister named Marcella. You know, Philip, that Latin is still the language spoken in that country; and

that will account for our high-sounding names. My mother was a very beautiful woman, unfortunately more beautiful than virtuous: she was seen and admired by the lord of the soil; my father was sent away upon some mission; and, during his absence, my mother, flattered by the attentions, and won by the assiduities, of this nobleman, yielded to his wishes. It so happened that my father returned very unexpectedly, and discovered the intrigue. The evidence of my mother's shame was positive: he surprised her in the company of her seducer! Carried away by the impetuosity of his feelings, he watched the opportunity of a meeting taking place between them, and murdered both his wife and her seducer. Conscious that, as a serf, not even the provocation which he had received would be allowed as a justification of his conduct, he hastily collected together what money he could lay his hands upon, and, as we were then in the depth of winter, he put his horses to the slugh, and taking his children with him, he

set off in the middle of the night, and was far away before the tragical circumstance had transpired. Aware that he would be pursued, and that he had no chance of escape if he remained in any portion of his native country (in which the authorities could lay hold of him), he continued his flight without intermission until he had buried himself in the intricacies and seclusion of the Hartz Mountains. Of course, all that I have now told you I learned afterwards. My oldest recollections are knit to a rude, yet comfortable cottage, in which I lived with my father, brother, and sister. It was on the confines of one of those vast forests which cover the northern part of Germany ; around it were a few acres of ground, which, during the summer months, my father cultivated, and which, though they yielded a doubtful harvest, were sufficient for our support. In the winter we remained much in doors, for, as my father followed the chase, we were left alone, and the wolves, during that

season, incessantly prowled about. My father had purchased the cottage, and land about it, of one of the rude foresters, who gain their livelihood partly by hunting, and partly by burning charcoal, for the purpose of smelting the ore from the neighbouring mines ; it was distant about two miles from any other habitation. I can call to mind the whole landscape now : the tall pines which rose up on the mountain above us, and the wide expanse of forest beneath, on the topmost boughs and heads of whose trees we looked down from our cottage, as the mountain below us rapidly descended into the distant valley. In summer-time the prospect was beautiful ; but during the severe winter, a more desolate scene could not well be imagined.

“ I said that, in the winter, my father occupied himself with the chase ; every day he left us, and often would he lock the door, that we might not leave the cottage. He had no one to assist him, or to take care of us—indeed, it was not easy to find a female servant who would live in

such a solitude ; but, could he have found one, my father would not have received her, for he had imbibed a horror of the sex, as the difference of his conduct towards us, his two boys, and my poor little sister, Marcella, evidently proved. You may suppose we were sadly neglected ; indeed, we suffered much, for my father, fearful that we might come to some harm, would not allow us fuel, when he left the cottage ; and we were obliged, therefore, to creep under the heaps of bears'-skins, and there to keep ourselves as warm as we could until he returned in the evening, when a blazing fire was our delight. That my father chose this restless sort of life may appear strange, but the fact was that he could not remain quiet ; whether from remorse for having committed murder, or from the misery consequent on his change of situation, or from both combined, he was never happy unless he was in a state of activity. Children, however, when left much to themselves, acquire a thoughtfulness not common to

their age. So it was with us ; and during the short cold days of winter we would sit silent, longing for the happy hours when the snow would melt, and the leaves burst out, and the birds begin their songs, and when we should again be set at liberty.

“ Such was our peculiar and savage sort of life until my brother Cæsar was nine, myself seven, and my sister five, years old, when the circumstances occurred on which is based the extraordinary narrative which I am about to relate.

“ One evening my father returned home rather later than usual ; he had been unsuccessful, and, as the weather was very severe, and many feet of snow were upon the ground, he was not only very cold, but in a very bad humour. He had brought in wood, and we were all three of us gladly assisting each other in blowing on the embers to create the blaze, when he caught poor little Marcella by the arm and threw her aside ; the child fell, struck her mouth, and bled very much. My brother ran to raise her up. Accus-

tomed to ill usage, and afraid of my father, she did not dare to cry, but looked up in his face very piteously. My father drew his stool nearer to the hearth, muttered something in abuse of women, and buried himself with the fire, which both my brother and I had deserted when our sister was so unkindly treated. A cheerful blaze was soon the result of his exertions; but we did not, as usual, crowd round it. Marcella, still bleeding, retired to a corner, and my brother and I took our seats beside her, while my father hung over the fire gloomily and alone. Such had been our position for about half an hour, when the howl of a wolf, close under the window of the cottage, fell on our ears. My father started up, and seized his gun: the howl was repeated, he examined the priming, and then hastily left the cottage, shutting the door after him. We all waited (anxiously listening), for we thought that if he succeeded in shooting the wolf, he would return in a better humour; and although he was harsh

to all of us, and particularly so to our little sister, still we loved our father, and loved to see him cheerful and happy, for what else had we to look up to? And I may here observe, that perhaps there never were three children who were fonder of each other; we did not, like other children, fight and dispute together; and if, by chance, any disagreement did arise between my elder brother and me, little Marcella would run to us, and kissing us both, seal, through her entreaties, the peace between us. Marcella was a lovely, amiable child; I can recall her beautiful features even now—Alas! poor little Marcella.

“ She is dead then?” observed Philip.

“ Dead! yes, dead!—but how did she die?—But I must not anticipate, Philip; let me tell my story.

“ We waited for some time, but the report of the gun did not reach us, and my elder brother then said, ‘ Our father has followed the wolf, and will not be back for some time. Marcella, let us wash the blood from your mouth,

and then we will leave this corner, and go to the fire and warm ourselves.'

"We did so, and remained there until near midnight, every minute wondering, as it grew later, why our father did not return. We had no idea that he was in any danger, but we thought that he must have chased the wolf for a very long time. 'I will look out and see if father is coming,' said my brother Cæsar, going to the door. 'Take care,' said Marcella, 'the wolves must be about now, and we cannot kill them, brother.' My brother opened the door very cautiously, and but a few inches; he peeped out.—'I see nothing,' said he, after a time, and once more he joined us at the fire. 'We have had no supper,' said I, for my father usually cooked the meat as soon as he came home; and during his absence we had nothing but the fragments of the preceding day.

" 'And if our father comes home after his hunt, Cæsar,' said Marcella, 'he will be pleased to have some supper; let us cook it for him

and for ourselves.' Cæsar climbed upon the stool, and reached down some meat—I forget now whether it was venison or bear's meat; but we cut off the usual quantity, and proceeded to dress it, as we used to do under our father's superintendence. We were all busied putting it into the platters before the fire, to await his coming, when we heard the sound of a horn. We listened—there was a noise outside, and a minute afterwards my father entered, ushering in a young female, and a large dark man in a hunter's dress.

“ Perhaps I had better now relate, what was only known to me many years afterwards. When my father had left the cottage, he perceived a large white wolf about thirty yards from him; as soon as the animal saw my father, it retreated slowly, growling and snarling. My father followed: the animal did not run, but always kept at some distance; and my father did not like to fire until he was pretty certain that his ball would take effect: thus they went

on for some time, the wolf now leaving my father far behind, and then stopping and snarling defiance at him, and then again, on his approach, setting off at speed.

“ Anxious to shoot the animal (for the white wolf is very rare), my father continued the pursuit for several hours, during which he continually ascended the mountain.

“ You must know, Philip, that there are peculiar spots on those mountains which are supposed, and, as my story will prove, truly supposed, to be inhabited by the evil influences ; they are well known to the huntsmen, who invariably avoid them. Now, one of these spots, an open space in the pine forests above us, had been pointed out to my father as dangerous on that account. But, whether he disbelieved these wild stories, or whether, in his eager pursuit of the chase, he disregarded them, I know not ; certain, however, it is, that he was decoyed by the white wolf to this open space, when the animal appeared to slacken her speed. My

father approached, came close up to her, raised his gun to his shoulder, and was about to fire; when the wolf suddenly disappeared. He thought that the snow on the ground must have dazzled his sight, and he let down his gun to look for the beast—but she was gone; how she could have escaped over the clearance, without his seeing her, was beyond his comprehension. Mortified at the ill success of his chase, he was about to retrace his steps, when he heard the distant sound of a horn. Astonishment at such a sound—at such an hour—in such a wilderness, made him forget for the moment his disappointment, and he remained rivetted to the spot. In a minute the horn was blown a second time, and at no great distance; my father stood still, and listened: a third time it was blown. I forgot the term used to express it, but it was the signal which, my father well knew, implied that the party was lost in the woods. In a few minutes more my father beheld a man on horseback, with a female seated on the crupper, enter

the cleared space, and ride up to him. At first, my father called to mind the strange stories which he had heard of the supernatural beings who were said to frequent these mountains ; but the nearer approach of the parties satisfied him that they were mortals like himself. As soon as they came up to him, the man who guided the horse accosted him. ‘ Friend Hunter, you are out late, the better fortune for us : we have ridden far, and are in fear of our lives, which are eagerly sought after. These mountains have enabled us to elude our pursuers ; but if we find not shelter and refreshment, that will avail us little, as we must perish from hunger and the inclemency of the night. My daughter, who rides behind me, is now more dead than alive—say, can you assist us in our difficulty ? ’

“ ‘ My cottage is some few miles distant,’ replied my father, ‘ but I have little to offer you besides a shelter from the weather ; to the little I have you are welcome. May I ask whence you come ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, friend, it is no secret now; we have escaped from Transylvania, where my daughter’s honour and my life were equally in jeopardy !’

“ ‘ This information was quite enough to raise an interest in my father’s heart. He remembered his own escape: he remembered the loss of his wife’s honour, and the tragedy by which it was wound up. He immediately, and warmly, offered all the assistance which he could afford them.

“ ‘ There is no time to be lost; then, good sir,’ observed the horseman; ‘ my daughter is chilled with the frost, and cannot hold out much longer against the severity of the weather.’

“ ‘ Follow me,’ replied my father, leading the way towards his home.

“ ‘ I was lured away in pursuit of a large white wolf,’ observed my father; ‘ it came to the very window of my hut, or I should not have been out at this time of night.’

“ ‘ The creature passed by us just as we came out of the wood,’ said the female in a silvery tone.

“ ‘ I was nearly discharging my piece at it,’

observed the hunter ; ‘ but since it did us such good service, I am glad that I allowed it to escape.’

“ In about an hour and a half, during which my father walked at a rapid pace, the party arrived at the cottage, and, as I said before, came in.

“ ‘ We are in good time, apparently,’ observed the dark hunter, catching the smell of the roasted meat, as he walked to the fire and surveyed my brother and sister, and myself. ‘ You have young cooks here, Meinheer.’ ‘ I am glad that we shall not have to wait,’ replied my father. ‘ Come, mistress, seat yourself by the fire; you require warmth after your cold ride.’ ‘ And where can I put up my horse, Meinheer?’ observed the huntsman. ‘ I will take care of him,’ replied my father, going out of the cottage door.

The female must, however, be particularly described. She was young, and apparently twenty years of age. She was dressed in a travelling dress, deeply bordered with white fur, and wore a cap of white ermine on her

head. Her features were very beautiful, at least I thought so, and so my father has since declared. Her hair was flaxen, glossy and shining, and bright as a mirror ; and her mouth, although somewhat large when it was open, shewed the most brilliant teeth I have ever beheld. But there was something about her eyes, bright as they were, which made us children afraid ; they were so restless, so furtive ; I could not at that time tell why, but I felt as if there was cruelty in her eye ; and when she beckoned us to come to her, we approached her with fear and trembling. Still she was beautiful, very beautiful. She spoke kindly to my brother and myself, patted our heads, and caressed us ; but Marcella would not come near her ; on the contrary, she slunk away, and hid herself in the bed, and would not wait for the supper, which half an hour before she had been so anxious for.

My father, having put the horse into a close shed, soon returned, and supper was placed upon the table. When it was over, my

father requested that the young lady would take possession of his bed, and he would remain at the fire, and sit up with her father. After some hesitation on her part, this arrangement was agreed to, and I and my brother crept into the other bed with Marcella, for we had as yet always slept together.

“ But we could not sleep ; there was something so unusual, not only in seeing strange people, but in having those people sleep at the cottage, that we were bewildered. As for poor little Marcella, she was quiet, but I perceived that she trembled during the whole night, and sometimes I thought that she was checking a sob. My father had brought out some spirits, which he rarely used, and he and the strange hunter remained drinking and talking before the fire. Our ears were ready to catch the slightest whisper—so much was our curiosity excited.

“ ‘ You said you came from Transylvania ? ’ observed my father.

“ ‘ Even so, Meinheer,’ replied the hunter. ‘ I

was a serf to the noble house of ——; my master would insist upon my surrendering up my fair girl to his wishes; it ended in my giving him a few inches of my hunting knife.'

“ ‘ We are countrymen, and brothers in misfortune,’ replied my father, taking the huntsman’s hand, and pressing it warmly.

“ ‘ Indeed ! Are you, then, from that country ?’

“ ‘ Yes ; and I too have fled for my life. But mine is a melancholy tale.’

“ ‘ Your name ?’ enquired the hunter.

“ ‘ Krantz.’

“ ‘ What ! Krantz of —— I have heard your tale ; you need not renew your grief by repeating it now. Welcome, most welcome, Meinheer, and, I may say, my worthy kinsman. I am your second cousin, Wilfred of Barnsdorf,’ cried the hunter, rising up and embracing my father.

“ They filled their horn-mugs to the brim, and drank to one another, after the German fashion. The conversation was then carried on in a low

tone ; all that we could collect from it was, that our new relative and his daughter were to take up their abode in our cottage, at least for the present. In about an hour they both fell back in their chairs, and appeared to sleep

“ ‘ Marcella, dear, did you hear ? ’ said my brother in a low tone.

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied Marcella, in a whisper ; ‘ I heard all. Oh ! brother, I cannot bear to look upon that woman—I feel so frightened.’

“ My brother made no reply, and shortly afterwards we were all three fast asleep.

“ When we awoke the next morning, we found that the hunter’s daughter had risen before us. I thought she looked more beautiful than ever. She came up to little Marcella and caressed her ; the child burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

“ But, not to detain you with too long a story, the huntsman and his daughter were accommodated in the cottage. My father and he went out hunting daily, leaving Christina with us. She performed all the household duties ;

was very kind to us children ; and, gradually, the dislike even of little Marcella wore away. But a great change took place in my father ; he appeared to have conquered his aversion to the sex, and was most attentive to Christina. Often, after her father and we were in bed, would he sit up with her, conversing in a low tone by the fire. I ought to have mentioned, that my father and the huntsman Wilfred, slept in another portion of the cottage, and that the bed which he formerly occupied, and which was in the same room as ours, had been given up to the use of Christina. These visitors had been about three weeks at the cottage, when, one night, after we children had been sent to bed, a consultation was held. My father had asked Christina in marriage, and had obtained both her own consent and that of Wilfred ; after this a conversation took place, which was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows :—

“ ‘ You may take my child, Meinheer Krantz, and my blessing with her, and I shall then leave

you and seek some other habitation—it matters little where.'

" ' Why not remain here, Wilfred ? '

" ' No, no, I am called elsewhere ; let that suffice, and ask no more questions. You have my child.'

" ' I thank you for her, and will duly value her ; but there is one difficulty.'

" ' I know what you would say ; there is no priest here in this wild country : true ; neither is there any law to bind ; still must some ceremony pass between you, to satisfy a father. Will you consent to marry her after my fashion ? if so, I will marry you directly.'

" ' I will,' replied my father.

" ' Then take her by the hand. Now, Meinheer, swear.'

" ' I swear,' repeated my father.

" ' By all the spirits of the Hartz Mountains—

" ' Nay, why not by Heaven ? ' interrupted my father.

" ' Because it is not my humour,' rejoined

Wilfred ; ‘ if I prefer that oath, less binding perhaps, than another, surely you will not thwart me.’

“ ‘ Well, be it so then ; have your humour. Will you make me swear by that in which I do not believe ?’

“ ‘ Yet many do so, who in outward appear, ande are Christians,’ rejoined Wilfred ; ‘ say, will you be married, or shall I take my daughter away with me ?’

“ ‘ Proceed,’ replied my father, impatiently.

“ ‘ I swear by all the spirits of the Hartz Mountains, by all their power for good or for evil, that I take Christina for my wedded wife ; that I will ever protect her, cherish her, and love her ; that my hand shall never be raised against her to harm her.’

“ My father repeated the words after Wilfred.

“ ‘ And if I fail in this my vow, may all the vengeance of the spirits fall upon me and upon my children ; may they perish by the vulture, by the wolf, or other beasts of the forest ; may their flesh be torn from their limbs, and their bones blanch in the wilderness ; all this I swear.’

“ My father hesitated, as he repeated the last words ; little Marcella could not restrain herself, and as my father repeated the last sentence, she burst into tears. This sudden interruption appeared to discompose the party, particularly my father ; he spoke harshly to the child, who controlled her sobs, burying her face under the bed-clothes.

“ Such was the second marriage of my father. The next morning, the hunter Wilfred mounted his horse, and rode away.

“ My father resumed his bed, which was in the same room as ours ; and things went on much as before the marriage, except that our new mother-in-law did not shew any kindness towards us ; indeed, during my father’s absence, she would often beat us, particularly little Marcella, and her eyes would flash fire, as she looked eagerly upon the fair and lovely child.

“ One night, my sister awoke me and my brother.

“ ‘ What is the matter ? ’ said Cæsar.

“ ‘ She has gone out,’ whispered Marcella.

“ ‘Gone out !’

“ ‘ Yes, gone out at the door, in her night-clothes,’ replied the child ; ‘ I saw her get out of bed, look at my father to see if he slept, and then she went out at the door.’

“ What could induce her to leave her bed, and all undressed to go out, in such bitter wintry weather, with the snow deep on the ground, was to us incomprehensible ; we lay awake, and in about an hour we heard the growl of a wolf, close under the window.

“ ‘ There is a wolf,’ said Cæsar ; ‘ she will be torn to pieces.’

“ ‘ Oh no !’ cried Marcella.

“ In a few minutes afterwards our mother-in-law appeared ; she was in her night-dress, as Marcella had stated. She let down the latch of the door, so as to make no noise, went to a pail of water, and washed her face and hands, and then slipped into the bed where my father lay.

“ We all three trembled, we hardly knew why, but we resolved to watch the next night : we did so—and not only on the ensuing night,

but on many others, and always at about the same hour, would our mother-in-law rise from her bed, and leave the cottage—and after she was gone, we invariably heard the growl of a wolf under our window, and always saw her, on her return, wash herself before she retired to bed. We observed, also, that she seldom sat down to meals, and that when she did, she appeared to eat with dislike ; but when the meat was taken down, to be prepared for dinner, she would often furtively put a raw piece into her mouth.

“ My brother Cæsar was a courageous boy ; he did not like to speak to my father until he knew more. He resolved that he would follow her out, and ascertain what she did. Marcella and I endeavoured to dissuade him from this project ; but he would not be controlled, and, the very next night he lay down in his clothes, and as soon as our mother-in-law had left the cottage, he jumped up, took down my father’s gun, and followed her.

“ You may imagine in what a state of suspense Marcella and I remained, during his

absence. After a few minutes, we heard the report of a gun. It did not awaken my father, and we lay trembling with anxiety. In a minute afterwards we saw our mother-in-law enter the cottage—her dress was bloody. I put my hand to Marcella's mouth to prevent her crying out, although I was myself in great alarm. Our mother-in-law approached my father's bed, looked to see if he was asleep, and then went to the chimney, and blew up the embers into a blaze.

“ ‘ Who is there?’ said my father, waking up.

“ ‘ Lie still, dearest,’ replied my mother-in-law, ‘ it is only me; I have lighted the fire to warm some water; I am not quite well.’

“ My father turned round and was soon asleep; but we watched our mother-in-law. She changed her linen, and threw the garments she had worn into the fire; and we then perceived that her right leg was bleeding profusely, as if from a gun-shot wound. She bandaged it up, and then dressing herself, remained before the fire until the break of day.

“ Poor little Marcella, her heart beat quick as she pressed me to her side—so indeed did mine. Where was our brother, Cæsar? How did my mother-in-law receive the wound unless from his gun? At last my father rose, and then, for the first time I spoke, saying, ‘ Father, where is my brother, Cæsar?’

“ ‘ Your brother!’ exclaimed he, ‘ why, where can he be?’

“ ‘ Merciful Heaven! I thought as I lay very restless last night,’ observed our mother-in-law, ‘ that I heard somebody open the latch of the door; and, dear me, husband, what has become of your gun?’

“ My father cast his eyes up above the chimney, and perceived that his gun was missing. For a moment he looked perplexed, then seizing a broad axe, he went out of the cottage without saying another word.

“ He did not remain away from us long: in a few minutes he returned, bearing in his arms

the mangled body of my poor brother ; he laid it down, and covered up his face.

“ My mother-in-law rose up, and looked at the body, while Marcella and I threw ourselves by its side wailing and sobbing bitterly.

“ ‘ Go to bed again, children,’ said she sharply. ‘ Husband,’ continued she, ‘ your boy must have taken the gun down to shoot a wolf, and the animal has been too powerful for him. Poor boy ! he has paid dearly for his rashness.’

“ My father made no reply ; I wished to speak — to tell all—but Marcella, who perceived my intention, held me by the arm, and looked at me so imploringly, that I desisted.

“ My father, therefore, was left in his error ; but Marcella and I, although we could not comprehend it, were conscious that our mother-in-law was in some way connected with my brother’s death.

“ That day my father went out and dug a grave, and when he laid the body in the earth, he piled up stones over it, so that the wolves should not be able to dig it up. The shock of

this catastrophe was to my poor father very severe ; for several days he never went to the chase, although at times he would utter bitter anathemas and vengeance against the wolves.

“ But during this time of mourning on his part, my mother-in-law’s nocturnal wanderings continued with the same regularity as before.

“ At last, my father took down his gun, to repair to the forest ; but he soon returned, and appeared much annoyed.

“ ‘ Would you believe it, Christina, that the wolves—perdition to the whole race—have actually contrived to dig up the body of my poor boy, and now there is nothing left of him but his bones ? ’

“ ‘ Indeed ! ’ replied my mother-in-law. Marcella looked at me, and I saw in her intelligent eye all she would have uttered.

“ ‘ A wolf growls under our window every night, father,’ said I.

“ ‘ Aye, indeed !—why did you not tell me, boy ?—wake me the next time you hear it.’

“ I saw my mother-in-law turn away ; her eyes flashed fire, and she gnashed her teeth.

“ My father went out again, and covered up with a larger pile of stones the little remnants of my poor brother which the wolves had spared. Such was the first act of the tragedy.

“ The spring now came on : the snow disappeared, and we were permitted to leave the cottage ; but never would I quit, for one moment, my dear little sister, to whom, since the death of my brother, I was more ardently attached than ever ; indeed I was afraid to leave her alone with my mother-in-law, who appeared to have a particular pleasure in ill-treating the child. My father was now employed upon his little farm, and I was able to render him some assistance.

“ Marcella used to sit by us while we were at work, leaving my mother-in-law alone in the cottage. I ought to observe that, as the spring advanced, so did my mother-in-law decrease her nocturnal rambles, and that we never heard the growl of the wolf under the window after I had spoken of it to my father.

“ One day, when my father and I were in the field, Marcella being with us, my mother-in-law came out, saying that she was going into the forest, to collect some herbs my father wanted, and that Marcella must go to the cottage and watch the dinner. Marcella went, and my mother-in-law soon disappeared in the forest, taking a direction quite contrary to that in which the cottage stood, and leaving my father and I, as it were, between her and Marcella.

“ About an hour afterwards we were startled by shrieks from the cottage, evidently the shrieks of little Marcella. ‘ Marcella has burnt herself, father,’ said I, throwing down my spade. My father threw down his, and we both hastened to the cottage. Before we could gain the door, out darted a large white wolf, which fled with the utmost celerity. My father had no weapon ; he rushed into the cottage, and there saw poor little Marcella expiring : her body was dreadfully mangled, and the blood pouring from it had formed a large pool on the cottage floor. My

father's first intention had been to seize his gun and pursue, but he was checked by this horrid spectacle ; he knelt down by his dying child, and burst into tears : Marcella could just look kindly on us for a few seconds, and then her eyes were closed in death.

“ My father and I were still hanging over my poor sister's body, when my mother-in-law came in. At the dreadful sight she expressed much concern, but she did not appear to recoil from the sight of blood, as most women do.

“ ‘ Poor child ! ’ said she, ‘ it must have been that great white wolf which passed me just now, and frightened me so—she's quite dead, Krantz.’

“ ‘ I know it—I know it ! ’ cried my father in agony.

“ I thought my father would never recover from the effects of this second tragedy : he mourned bitterly over the body of his sweet child, and for several days would not consign it to its grave, although frequently requested by my mother-in-law to do so. At last he yielded,

and dug a grave for her close by that of my poor brother, and took every precaution that the wolves should not violate her remains.

“ I was now really miserable, as I lay alone in the bed which I had formerly shared with my brother and sister. I could not help thinking that my mother-in-law was implicated in both their deaths, although I could not account for the manner ; but I no longer felt afraid of her : my little heart was full of hatred and revenge.

“ The night after my sister had been buried, as I lay awake, I perceived my mother-in-law get up and go out of the cottage. I waited some time, then dressed myself, and looked out through the door, which I half opened. The moon shone bright, and I could see the spot where my brother and my sister had been buried; and what was my horror, when I perceived my mother-in-law busily removing the stones from Marcella’s grave.

“ She was in her white night-dress, and the moon shone full upon her. She was digging with her hands, and throwing away the stones

behind her with all the ferocity of a wild beast. It was some time before I could collect my senses and decide what I should do. At last, I perceived that she had arrived at the body, and raised it up to the side of the grave. I could bear it no longer ; I ran to my father and awoke him.

“ ‘ Father ! father ! ’ cried I, ‘ dress yourself, and get your gun.’

“ ‘ What ! ’ cried my father, ‘ the wolves are there, are they ? ’

“ He jumped out of bed, threw on his clothes, and in his anxiety did not appear to perceive the absence of his wife. As soon as he was ready, I opened the door, he went out, and I followed him.

“ Imagine his horror, when (unprepared as he was for such a sight) he beheld, as he advanced towards the grave, not a wolf, but his wife, in her night-dress, on her hands and knees, crouching by the body of my sister, and tearing off large pieces of the flesh, and devouring them with all the avidity of a wolf. She was too busy to be aware of our approach. My father dropped

his gun, his hair stood on end ; so did mine ; he breathed heavily, and then his breath for a time stopped. I picked up the gun and put it into his hand. Suddenly he appeared as if concentrated rage had restored him to double vigour ; he levelled his piece, fired, and with a loud shriek, down fell the wretch whom he had fostered in his bosom.

“ ‘ God of Heaven ! ’ cried my father, sinking down upon the earth in a swoon, as soon as he had discharged his gun.

“ I remained some time by his side before he recovered. ‘ Where am I ? ’ said he, ‘ what has happened ? —Oh ! —yes, yes ! I recollect now. Heaven forgive me ! ’

“ He rose and we walked up to the grave ; what again was our astonishment and horror to find that instead of the dead body of my mother-in-law, as we expected, there was lying over the remains of my poor sister, a large, white she-wolf.

“ ‘ The white wolf ! ’ exclaimed my father,

‘the white wolf which decoyed me into the forest—I see it all now—I have dealt with the spirits of the Hartz Mountains.’

“ For some time my father remained in silence and deep thought. He then carefully lifted up the body of my sister, replaced it in the grave, and covered it over as before, having struck the head of the dead animal with the heel of his boot, and raving like a madman. He walked back to the cottage, shut the door, and threw himself on the bed ; I did the same, for I was in a stupor of amazement.

“ Early in the morning we were both roused by a loud knocking at the door, and in rushed the hunter Wilfred.

“ ‘ My daughter !—man—my daughter !—where is my daughter ?’ cried he in a rage.

“ ‘ Where the wretch, the fiend, should be, I trust,’ replied my father, starting up and displaying equal choler ; ‘ where she should be—in hell !—Leave this cottage or you may fare worse.’

“ ‘ Ha—ha !’ replied the hunter, ‘ would you harm a potent spirit of the Hartz Mountains. Poor mortal, who must needs wed a *weir wolf*.’

“ ‘ Out demon ! I defy thee and thy power.’

“ ‘ Yet shall you feel it ; remember your oath—your solemn oath—never to raise your hand against her to harm her.’

“ ‘ I made no compact with evil spirits.’

“ ‘ You did ; and if you failed in your vow, you were to meet the vengeance of the spirits. Your children were to perish by the vulture, the wolf’—

“ ‘ Out, out, demon !’

“ ‘ And their bones blanch in the wilderness. Ha !—ha !’

“ ‘ My father, frantic with rage, seized his axe, and raised it over Wilfred’s head to strike.

“ ‘ All this I swear,’ continued the huntsman, mockingly.

“ ‘ The axe descended ; but it passed through the form of the hunter, and my father lost his balance, and fell heavily on the floor.

“ ‘ Mortal !’ said the hunter, striding over my father’s body, ‘ we have power over those only who have committed murder. You have been guilty of a double murder—you shall pay the penalty attached to your marriage vow. Two of your children are gone ; the third is yet to follow—and follow them he will, for your oath is registered. Go — it were kindness to kill thee—your punishment is—that you live !’

“ With these words the spirit disappeared. My father rose from the floor, embraced me tenderly, and knelt down in prayer.

“ The next morning he quitted the cottage for ever. He took me with him and bent his steps to Holland, where we safely arrived. He had some little money with him ; but he had not been many days in Amsterdam before he was seized with a brain fever, and died raving mad. I was put into the Asylum, and afterwards was sent to sea before the mast. You now know all my history. The question is, whether I am to pay the penalty of my father’s oath ? I am

myself perfectly convinced that, in some way or another, I shall."

On the twenty-second day the high land of the south of Sumatra was in view ; as there were no vessels in sight, they resolved to keep their course through the Straits, and run for Pulo Penang, which they expected, as their vessel laid so close to the wind, to reach in seven or eight days. By constant exposure, Philip and Krantz were now so bronzed, that with their long beards and Mussulman dresses, they might easily have passed off for natives. They had steered during the whole of the days exposed to a burning sun ; they had lain down and slept in the dew of night, but their health had not suffered. But for several days, since he had confided the history of his family to Philip, Krantz had become silent and melancholy ; his usual flow of spirits had vanished, and Philip had often questioned him as to the cause. As they entered the Straits, Philip talked of what they should do upon their arrival at Goa ? When Krantz gravely replied, " For

some days, Philip, I have had a presentiment that I shall never see that city."

" You are out of health, Krantz," replied Philip.

" No ; I am in sound health, body and mind. I have endeavoured to shake off the presentiment, but in vain ; there is a warning voice that continually tells me that I shall not be long with you. Philip, will you oblige me by making me content on one point : I have gold about my person which may be useful to you ; oblige me by taking it, and securing it on your own."

" What nonsense, Krantz."

" It is no nonsense, Philip. Have you not had your warnings ? Why should I not have mine ? You know that I have little fear in my composition, and that I care not about death ; but I feel the presentiment which I speak of more strongly every hour. It is some kind spirit who would warn me to prepare for another world. Be it so. I have lived long enough in this world to leave it without regret ; although to part with

you and Amine, the only two now dear to me, is painful, I acknowledge."

" May not this arise from over-exertion and fatigue, Krantz ? consider how much excitement you have laboured under within these last four months. Is not that enough to create a corresponding depression ? Depend upon it, my dear friend, such is the fact."

" I wish it were—but I feel otherwise, and there is a feeling of gladness connected with the idea that I am to leave this world, arising from another presentiment, which equally occupies my mind."

" Which is ?"—

" I hardly can tell you ; but Amine and you are connected with it. In my dreams I have seen you meet again ; but it has appeared to me, as if a portion of your trial was purposely shut from my sight in dark clouds ; and I have asked, ' May not I see what is there concealed ?' —and an invisible has answered, ' No ! 'twould make you wretched. Before these trials take

place, you will be summoned away'—and then I have thanked Heaven, and felt resigned."

" These are the imaginings of a disturbed brain, Krantz ; that I am destined to suffering may be true ; but why Amine should suffer, or why you, young, in full health and vigour, should not pass your days in peace, and live to a good old age, there is no cause for believing. You will be better to-morrow."

" Perhaps so," replied Krantz ;—" but still you must yield to my whim, and take the gold. If I am wrong, and we do arrive safe, you know, Philip, you can let me have it back," observed Krantz, with a faint smile—" but you forget, our water is nearly out, and we must look out for a rill on the coast to obtain a fresh supply."

" I was thinking of that when you commenced this unwelcome topic. We had better look out for the water before dark, and as soon as we have replenished our jars, we will make sail again."

At the time that this conversation took place, they were on the eastern side of the Strait, about forty miles to the northward. The interior of the coast was rocky and mountainous, but it slowly descended to low land of alternate forest and jungles, which continued to the beach: the country appeared to be uninhabited. Keeping close in to the shore, they discovered, after two hours run, a fresh stream which burst in a cascade from the mountains, and swept its devious course through the jungle, until it poured its tribute into the waters of the Strait.

They ran close in to the mouth of the stream, lowered the sails, and pulled the peroqua against the current, until they had advanced far enough to assure them that the water was quite fresh. The jars were soon filled, and they were again thinking of pushing off; when, enticed by the beauty of the spot, the coolness of the fresh water, and wearied with their long confinement on board of the peroqua, they proposed to bathe—

a luxury hardly to be appreciated by those who have not been in a similar situation. They threw off their Mussulman dresses, and plunged into the stream, where they remained for some time. Krantz was the first to get out ; he complained of feeling chilled, and he walked on to the banks where their clothes had been laid. Philip also approached nearer to the beach, intending to follow him.

“ And now, Philip,” said Krantz, “ this will be a good opportunity for me to give you the money. I will open my sash, and pour it out, and you can put it into your own before you put it on.”

Philip was standing in the water, which was about level with his waist.

“ Well, Krantz,” said he, “ I suppose if it must be so, it must ; but it appears to me an idea so ridiculous—however, you shall have your own way.”

Philip quitted the run, and sat down by Krantz, who was already busy in shaking the

doubloons out of the folds of his sash: at last he said—

“I believe, Philip, you have got them all, now?—I feel satisfied.”

“What danger there can be to you, which I am not equally exposed to, I cannot conceive,” replied Philip; “however”—

Hardly had he said these words, when there was a tremendous roar—a rush like a mighty wind through the air—a blow which threw him on his back—a loud cry—and a contention. Philip recovered himself, and perceived the naked form of Krantz carried off with the speed of an arrow by an enormous tiger through the jungle. He watched with distended eyeballs; in a few seconds the animal and Krantz had disappeared!

“God of Heaven! would that thou hadst spared me this,” cried Philip, throwing himself down in agony on his face. “Oh! Krantz, my friend—my brother—too sure was your presentiment. Merciful God! have pity—but thy will

be done;" and Philip burst into a flood of tears.

For more than a hour did he remain fixed upon the spot, careless and indifferent to the danger by which he was surrounded. At last somewhat recovered, he rose, dressed himself, and then again sat down—his eyes fixed upon the clothes of Krantz, and the gold which still lay on the sand.

"He would give me that gold. He foretold his doom. Yes! yes! it was his destiny, and it has been fulfilled. *His bones will bleach in the wilderness*, and the spirit-hunter and his wolfish daughter are avenged."

The shades of evening now set in, and the low growling of the beasts of the forest recalled Philip to a sense of his own danger. He thought of Amine; and hastily making the clothes of Krantz and the doubloons into a package, he stepped into the peroqua, with difficulty shoved it off, and with a melancholy heart, and in silence, hoisted the sail, and pursued his course.

“ Yes, Amine,” thought Philip, as he watched the stars twinkling and corruscating. “ Yes, you are right, when you assert that the destinies of men are foreknown, and may by some be read. My destiny is, alas! that I should be severed from all I value upon earth, and die friendless and alone. Then welcome death, if such is to be the case; welcome a thousand welcomes! what a relief wilt thou be to me! what joy to find myself summoned to where the weary are at rest! I have my task to fulfil. God grant that it may soon be accomplished, and let not my life be embittered by any more trials such as this.”

Again did Philip weep, for Krantz had been his long-tried, valued friend, his partner in all his dangers and privations, from the period that they had met when the Dutch fleet attempted the passage round Cape Horn.

After seven days of painful watching and brooding over bitter thoughts, Philip arrived at Pulo Penang, where he found a vessel about to

sail for the city to which he was destined. He ran his peroqua alongside of her, and found that she was a brig under the Portuguese flag, having, however, but two Portuguese on board, the rest of the crew being natives. Representing himself as an Englishman in the Portuguese service, who had been wrecked, and offering to pay for his passage, he was willingly received, and in a few days the vessel sailed.

Their voyage was prosperous; in six weeks they anchored in the roads of Goa; the next day they went up the river. The Portuguese captain informed Philip where he might obtain lodgings; and passing him off as one of his crew, there was no difficulty raised as to his landing. Having located himself at his new lodging, Philip commenced some enquiries of his host relative to Amine, designating her merely as a young woman who had arrived there in a vessel some weeks before; but he could obtain no information concerning her. "Signor," said the host, "to-morrow is the grand *Auto-da-Fé*; we

can do nothing until that is over ; afterwards, I will put you in the way to find out what you wish. In the mean time, you can walk about the town ; to-morrow I will take you to where you can behold the grand procession, and then we will try what we can do to assist you in your search."

Philip went out, procured a suit of clothes, removed his beard, and then walked about the town, looking up at every window to see if he could perceive Amine. At a corner of one of the streets, he thought he recognized Father Mathias, and ran up to him ; but the monk had drawn his cowl over his head, and when addressed by that name, made no reply.

"I was deceived," thought Philip ; "but I really thought it was him." And Philip was right ; it was Father Mathias, who thus screened himself from Philip's recognition.

Tired, at last he returned to his hotel, just before it was dark. The company there were numerous ; every body for miles distant had come to Goa to witness the *Auto-da-Fé*,—and every body was discussing the ceremony.

“ I will see this grand procession,” said Philip to himself, as he threw himself on his bed. “ It will drive thought from me for a time ; and God knows how painful my thoughts have now become. Amine, dear Amine, may angels guard thee !”

CHAPTER XL.

ALTHOUGH to-morrow was to end all Amine's hopes and fears—all her short happiness—her suspense and misery—yet Amine slept until her last slumber in this world was disturbed by the unlocking and unbarring of the doors of her cell, and the appearance of the head jailor with a light. Amine started up—she had been dreaming of her husband—of happiness! She awoke to the sad reality. There stood the jailor, with a dress in his hand, which he desired she would put on. He lighted a lamp for her, and left her alone. The dress was of black serge, with white stripes.

Amine put on the dress, and threw herself down on the bed, trying if possible to recall the dream from which she had been awakened, but

in vain. Two hours passed away, and the jailor again entered, and summoned her to follow him. Perhaps one of the most appalling customs of the Inquisition is, that after accusation, whether the accused parties confess their guilt or not, they return to their dungeons, without the least idea of what may have been their sentence, and when summoned on the morning of the execution they are equally kept in ignorance.

The prisoners were all summoned by the jailors, from the various dungeons, and led into a large hall, where they found their fellow-sufferers collected.

In this spacious, dimly lighted hall were to be seen about two hundred men, standing up as if for support, against the walls, all dressed in the same black and white serge; so motionless, so terrified were they, that if it had not been for the rolling of their eyes, as they watched the jailors, who passed and repassed, you might have imagined them to be petrified. It was the agony of suspense, worse than the agony of

death. After a time, a wax candle, about five feet long, was put into the hands of each prisoner, and then some were ordered to put on over their dress the *Sanbenitos*—others the *Samarias*! Those who received these dresses, with flames painted on them, gave themselves up for lost; and it was dreadful to perceive the anguish of each individual as the dresses were one by one brought forward, and with the heavy drops of perspiration on his brows, he watched with terror lest one should be presented to him. All was doubt, fear, and horror!

But the prisoners in this hall were not those who were to suffer death. Those who wore the *Sanbenitos* had to walk in the procession and receive but slight punishment; those who wore the *Samarias* had been condemned, but had been saved from the consuming fire, by an acknowledgment of their offence; the flames painted on their dresses were *reversed*, and signified that they were not to suffer; but this the unfortu-

nate wretches did not know, and the horrors of a cruel death stared them in the face !

Another hall, similar to the one in which the men had been collected, was occupied by female culprits. The same ceremonies were observed—the same doubt, fear, and agony were depicted upon every countenance. But there was a third chamber, smaller than the other two, and this chamber was reserved for those who had been sentenced, and who were to suffer at the stake. It was into this chamber that Amine was led, and there she found seven other prisoners dressed in the same manner as herself: two only were Europeans, the other five were negro slaves. Each of these had their confessor with them, and were earnestly listening to his exhortation. A monk approached Amine, but she waved him away with her hand: he looked at her, spat on the floor, and cursed her. The head jailor now made his appearance with the dresses for those who were in this chamber; these were Samarias, only different from the others, inasmuch as the flames were painted

on them *upwards* instead of down. These dresses were of grey stuff, and loose, like a waggoner's frock ; at the lower part of them, both before and behind, was painted the likeness of the wearer, that is, the face only, resting upon a burning faggot, and surrounded with flames and demons. Under the portrait was written the crime for which the party suffered. Sugar-loaf caps, with flames painted on them, were also brought and put on their heads, and the long wax candles were placed into their hands.

Amine and the others condemned being arrayed in these dresses, remained in the chambers for some hours before it was time for the procession to commence, for they had been all summoned up by the jailors at about two o'clock in the morning.

The sun rose brilliantly, much to the joy of the members of the Holy Office, who would not have had the day obscured on which they were to vindicate the honour of the church, and prove how well they acted up to the mild doctrines of

the Saviour—those of charity, good-will, forbearing one another, forgiving one another. God of Heaven ! And not only did those of the Holy Inquisition rejoice, but thousands and thousands more who had flocked from all parts to witness the dreadful ceremony, and to hold a jubilee—many indeed actuated by fanaticism superstition, but more attended from thoughtlessness and the love of pageantry. The streets and squares through which the procession was to pass were filled at an early hour. Silks, tapes-tries, and cloth of gold and silver were hung over the balconies, and out of the windows, in honour of the procession. Every balcony and window was thronged with ladies and cavaliers in their gayest attire, all waiting anxiously to see the wretches paraded before they suffered ; but the world is fond of excitement, and where is anything so exciting to a superstitious people as an *Auto da Fé* ?

As the sun rose, the heavy bell of the Cathedral tolled, and all the prisoners were led down

to the Grand Hall, that the order of the procession might be arranged. At the large entrance door, on a raised throne, sat the Grand Inquisitor, encircled by many of the most considerable nobility and gentry of Goa. By the Grand Inquisitor stood his Secretary, and as the prisoners walked past the throne, and their names were mentioned, the Secretary, after each, called out the names of one of those gentlemen, who immediately stepped forward, and took his station by the prisoner. These people are termed the godfathers; their duty is to accompany and be answerable for the prisoner, who is under their charge, until the ceremony is over. It is reckoned a high honour conferred on those whom the Grand Inquisitor appoints to this office.

At last the procession commenced. First was raised on high the standard of the Dominican Order of Monks, for the Dominican Order were the founders of the Inquisition, and claimed this privilege, by prescriptive right. After the banner the monks themselves followed, in two

lines. And what was the motto of their banner? “*Justitia et Misericordia!*” Then followed the culprits, to the number of three hundred, each with his godfather by his side, and his large wax candle lighted in his hand. Those whose offences have been most venial walk first; all are bareheaded, and barefooted. After this portion, who wore only the dress of black and white serge, came those who carried the San-benitos; then those who wore the Samarias, with the flames reversed. Here there was a separation in the procession, caused by a large cross, with the carved image of Our Saviour nailed to it, the face of the image carried forward. This was intended to signify, that those in advance of the Crucifix, and upon whom the Saviour looked down, were not to suffer; and that those who were behind, and upon whom his back was turned, were cast away, to perish for ever in this world, and the next. Behind the crucifix followed the seven condemned; and, as the greatest criminal, Amine walked the last. But the procession did not

close here. Behind Amine were five effigies, raised high on poles, clothed in the same dresses, painted with flames and demons. Behind each effigy was borne a coffin, containing a skeleton ; the effigies were of those who had died in their dungeon, or expired under the torture, and who had been tried and condemned after their death, and sentenced to be burnt. These skeletons had been dug up, and were to suffer the same sentence as, had they still been living beings, they would have undergone. The effigies were to be tied to the stakes, and the bones were to be consumed. Then followed the members of the Inquisition ; the familiars, monks, priests, and hundreds of penitents, in black dresses, which concealed their faces, all with the lighted tapers in their hands.

It was two hours before the procession, which had paraded through almost every important street in Goa, arrived at the Cathedral in which the further ceremonies were to be gone through. The barefooted culprits could now scarcely walk,

the small sharp flints having so wounded their feet, that their tracks up the steps of the Cathedral were marked with blood.

The grand altar of the Cathedral was hung with black cloth, and lighted up with thousands of tapers. On one side of it was a throne for the Grand Inquisitor, on the other, a raised platform for the Viceroy of Goa, and his suite. The centre aisle had benches for the prisoners, and their godfathers; the other portions of the procession falling off to the right and left, to the side aisles, and mixing for the time with the spectators. As the prisoners entered the Cathedral, they were led into their seats, those least guilty sitting nearest to the altar, and those who were condemned to suffer at the stake being placed the farthest from it.

The bleeding Amine tottered to her seat, and longed for the hour which was to sever her from a Christian world. She thought not of herself, nor of what she was to suffer; she thought but of Philip; of his being safe from these merciless

creatures—of the happiness of dying first, and of meeting him again in bliss.

Worn with long confinement, with suspense and anxiety, fatigued and suffering from her painful walk, and the exposure to the burning sun, after so many months' incarceration in a dungeon, she no longer shone radiant with beauty; but still there was something even more touching in her care-worn, yet still perfect features. The object of universal gaze, she had walked with her eyes cast down, and nearly closed; but occasionally, when she did look up, the fire that flashed from them spoke the proud soul within, and many feared and wondered, while more pitied that one so young, and still so lovely, should be doomed to such an awful fate. Amine had not taken her seat in the Cathedral more than a few seconds, when, overpowered by her feelings and by fatigue, she fell back in a swoon.

Did no one step forward to assist her? to raise her up, and offer her restoratives? No—

not one. Hundreds would have done so, but they dared not : she was an outcast, excommunicated, abandoned, and lost ; and should any one, moved by compassion for a suffering fellow-creature, have ventured to raise her up, he would have been looked upon with suspicion, and most probably have been arraigned, and have had to settle the affair of conscience with the Holy Inquisition.

After a short time two of the officers of the Inquisition went to Amine and raised her again in her seat, and she recovered sufficiently to enable her to retain her posture.

A sermon was then preached by a Dominican monk, in which he pourtrayed the tender mercies, the paternal love of the Holy Office. He compared the Inquisition to the ark of Noah, out of which all the animals walked after the deluge ; but with this difference, highly in favour of the Holy Office, that the animals went forth from the ark no better than they went in, whereas those who had gone into the Inquisition with all the

cruelty of disposition, and with the hearts of wolves, came out as mild and patient as lambs.

The public accuser then mounted the pulpit, and read from it all the crimes of those who had been condemned, and the punishments which they were to undergo. Each prisoner, as the sentence was read, was brought forward to the pulpit by the officers, to hear their sentence, standing up, with their wax candles lighted in their hands. As soon as the sentences of all those whose lives had been spared were read, the Grand Inquisitor put on his priestly robes and, followed by several others, took off from them the ban of excommunication (which they were supposed to have fallen under), by throwing holy water on them with a small broom.

As soon as this portion of the ceremony was over, those who were condemned to suffer, and the effigies of those who had escaped by death, were brought up one by one, and their sentences read; the winding up of the condemnation of all was in the same words, “that the Holy Inqui-

sition found it impossible on account of the hardness of their hearts and the magnitude of their crimes, to pardon them. With great concern it handed them over to Secular Justice to undergo the penalty of the laws ; exhorting the authorities at the same time to shew clemency and mercy towards the unhappy wretches, and if they *must* suffer death, that at all events it might be without the *spilling of blood.*" What mockery was this apparent intercession, not to shed blood, when to comply with their request, they substituted the torment and the agony of the stake !

Amine was the last who was led forward to the pulpit, which was fixed against one of the massive columns of the centre aisle, close to the throne occupied by the Grand Inquisitor. " You, Amine Vanderdecken," cried the public accuser. At this moment an unusual bustle was heard in the crowd under the pulpit, there was struggling and expostulation, and the officers raised their wands for silence and decorum—but it continued.

“You, Amine Vanderdecken, being accused—”

Another violent struggle; and from the crowd darted a young man, who rushed to where Amine was standing, and caught her in his arms.

“Philip! Philip!” screamed Amine, falling on his bosom; as he caught her, the cap of flames fell off her head and rolled along the marble pavement. “My Amine—my wife—my adored one—is it thus we meet? My lord, she is innocent. Stand off, men,” continued he to the officers of the Inquisition, who would have torn them asunder. “Stand off, or your lives shall answer for it.”

This threat to the officers, and the defiance of all rules, were not be borne; the whole cathedral was in a state of commotion, and the solemnity of the ceremony was about to be compromised. The Viceroy and his followers had risen from their chairs to observe what was passing, and the crowd was pressing on, when the Grand Inquisitor gave his directions, and other officers hastened to the assistance of the two who had led Amine forward, and proceeded to disengage her

from Philip's arms. The struggle was severe. Philip appeared to be endued with the strength of twenty men; and it was some minutes before they could succeed in separating him, and when they had so done, his struggles were dreadful.

Amine, also, held by two of the familiars, shrieked, as she attempted once more, but in vain, to rush into her husband's arms. At last, by a tremendous effort, Philip released himself; but as soon as he was released, he sank down helpless on the pavement; the exertion had caused the bursting of a blood-vessel, and he lay without motion.

“Oh God! Oh God! they have killed him—monsters—murderers—let me embrace him but once more,” cried Amine, frantically.

A priest now stepped forward—it was Father Mathias—with sorrow in his countenance; he desired some of the bystanders to carry out Philip Vanderdecken, and Philip, in a state of insensibility, was borne away from the sight of Amine, the blood streaming from his mouth.

Amine's sentence was read—she heard it not,

her brain was bewildered. She was led back to her seat, and then it was that all her courage, all her constancy and fortitude gave way; and during the remainder of the ceremony, she filled the Cathedral with her wild hysterical sobbing; all entreaties or threats being wholly lost upon her.

All was now over, except the last and most tragical scene of the drama. The culprits who had been spared were led back to the Inquisition by their godfathers, and those who had been sentenced were taken down to the banks of the river to suffer. It was on a large open space, on the left of the Custom-house, that this ceremony was to be gone through. As in the Cathedral, raised thrones were prepared for the Grand Inquisitor and the Viceroy, who, in state, headed the procession, followed by an immense concourse of people. Thirteen stakes had been set up, eight for the living, five for the dead. The executioners were sitting on, or standing by, the piles of wood and faggots, waiting for

their victims. Amine could not walk ; she was at first supported by the familiars, and then carried by them, to the stake which had been assigned for her. When they put her on her feet opposite to it, her courage appeared to revive, she walked boldly up, folded her arms and leant against it.

The executioners now commenced their office : the chains were passed round Amine's body—the wood and faggots piled around her. The same preparations had been made with all the other culprits, and the confessors stood by the side of each victim. Amine waived her hand indignantly to those who approached her, when Father Matthias, almost breathless, made his appearance from the crowd, through which he had forced his way.

“ Amine Vanderdecken — unhappy woman ! had you been counselled by me this would not have been. Now it is too late, but not too late to save your soul. Away then with this obstinacy —this hardness of heart ; call upon the blessed

Saviour, that he may receive your spirit—call upon his wounds for mercy. It is the eleventh hour, but not too late. Amine," continued the old man, with tears, " I implore, I conjure you. At least, may this load of trouble be taken from my heart."

" 'Unhappy woman !' you say ?" replied she, " say rather, 'unhappy priest : ' for Amine's sufferings will soon be over, while you must still endure the torments of the damned. Unhappy was the day when my husband rescued you from death. Still more unhappy the compassion which prompted him to offer you an asylum and a refuge. Unhappy the knowledge of you from the *first* day to the *last*. I leave you to your conscience—if conscience you retain—nor would I change this cruel death for the pangs which you in your future life will suffer. Leave me—I die in the *faith of my forefathers*, and scorn a creed that warrants such a scene as this."

" Amine Vanderdecken," cried the priest on his knees, clasping his hands in agony.

“Leave me, father.”

“There is but a minute left—for the love of God—”

“I tell you then, leave me—that minute is my own.”

Father Mathias turned away in despair, and the tears coursed down the old man’s cheeks. As Amine said, his misery was extreme.

The head executioner now enquired of the confessors whether the culprits died in the *true* faith? If answered in the affirmative, a rope was passed round their necks and twisted to the stake, so that they were strangled before the fire was kindled. All the other culprits had died in this manner; and the head executioner enquired of Father Mathias, whether Amine had a claim to so much mercy. The old priest answered not, but shook his head.

The executioner turned away. After a moment’s pause, Father Mathias followed him, and seized him by the arm, saying, in a faltering voice, “Let her not suffer long.”

The Grand Inquisitor gave the signal, and the fires were all lighted at the same moment. In compliance with the request of the priest, the executioner had thrown a quantity of wet straw upon Amine's pile, which threw up a dense smoke before it burnt into flames.

“Mother! mother! I come to thee!” were the last words heard from Amine's lips.

The flames soon raged furiously, ascending high above the top of the stake to which she had been chained. Gradually they sunk down; and only when the burning embers covered the ground, a few fragments of bones hanging on the chain were all that remained of the once peerless and high-minded Amine.

CHAPTER XLI.

YEARS have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death ; and now once more we bring Philip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where he has been ? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows ; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day, and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hope to witness his return to a sane mind ; he watched in sorrow and remorse,—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias !

The cottage at Terneuse had long fallen into ruin ; for many years it waited the return of

its owners, and at last the heirs-at-law claimed and recovered the substance of Philip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people ; although her portrait, over burning coals, with her crime announced beneath it, still hangs—as is the custom in the church of the Inquisition—attracting, from its expressive beauty, the attention of the most careless passers-by.

But many, many years have rolled away—Philip's hair is white—his once-powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane ; but his vigour is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and thento welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him : he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas ! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce

him to remain in it. All he asks is—to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe ; and Philip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whither he went. To return to Terneuse was not his object ; he could not bear the idea of revisiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraven on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

He had awakened as from a dream, after so many years of aberration of intellect. He was no longer the sincere Catholic that he had been ; for he never thought of religion without his Amine's cruel fate being brought to his recollection. Still he clung on to the relic—he believed in that—and that only. It was his god—his creed—his every thing—the passport for himself and for his father into the next world—the means whereby he should join his Amine—and for

hours would he remain holding in his hand that object so valued—gazing upon it—recalling every important event in his life, from the death of his poor mother, and his first sight of Amine; to the last dreadful scene. It was to him a journal of his existence, and on it were fixed all his hopes for the future.

“ When ! oh when is it to be accomplished ?” was the constant subject of his reveries. “ Blessed, indeed, will be the day when I leave this world of hate, and seek that other in which ‘ the weary are at rest.’ ”

The vessel on board of which Philip was embarked as a passenger was the *Nostra Señora da Monte*, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition, and fond of arrack—a fondness rather unusual with the people of his nation. They sailed from Goa, and Philip was standing abaft, and sadly contemplating the spire of the Cathedral, in which he had last parted with his

wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned round.

“Fellow-passenger, again!” said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot Schriften.

There was no alteration in the man’s appearance ; he shewed no marks of declining years ; his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Philip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

“You here again, Schriften?” observed Philip. “I trust your appearance forbodes the accomplishment of my task.”

“Perhaps it does,” replied the pilot ; “we both are weary.”

Philip made no reply ; he did not even ask Schriften in what manner he had escaped from the fort ; he was indifferent about it ; for he felt that the man had a charmed life.

“Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Philip Vanderdecken, and many the souls sum-

moned to their account by meeting with your father's ship, while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

" May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last !" replied Philip.

" No, no ! rather may he fulfil his doom, and sail till the day of judgment," replied the pilot with emphasis.

" Vile caitiff ! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away!—leave me ! or you shall find, that although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

Schriften scowled as he walked away ; he appeared to have some fear of Philip, although it was not equal to his hate. He now resumed his former attempts of stirring up the ship's company against Philip, declaring that he was a *Jonas*, who would occasion the loss of the ship, and that he was connected with the *Flying Dutchman*. Philip very soon observed that he

was avoided ; and he resorted to counter-statements, equally injurious to Schriften, whom he declared to be a demon. The appearance of Schriften was so much against him, while that of Philip, on the contrary, was so prepossessing, that the people on board hardly knew what to think. They were divided : some were on the side of Philip—some on that of Schriften ; the captain and many others looking with equal horror upon both, and longing for the time when they could be sent out of the vessel.

The captain, as we have before observed, was very superstitious, and very fond of his bottle. In the morning he would be sober and pray ; in the afternoon he would be drunk, and swear at the very saints whose protection he had invoked but a few hours before.

“ May Holy Saint Antonio preserve us, and keep us from temptation,” said he, on the morning after a conversation with the passengers about the Phantom Ship. “ All the saints protect us from harm,” continued he, taking off his hat

reverentially, and crossing himself. “Let me but rid myself of these two dangerous men without accident, and I will offer up a hundred wax candles, of three ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin, upon my safe anchoring off the tower of Belem.” In the evening he changed his language.

“Now, if that Maledetto Saint Antonio don’t help us, may he feel the coals of hell yet ; damn him and his pigs too ; if he has the courage to do his duty, all will be well ; but he is a cowardly wretch, he cares for nobody, and will not help those who call upon him in trouble. Carambo ! that for you,” exclaimed the captain, looking at the small shrine of the saint at the bittacle, and snapping his fingers at the image—“that for you, you useless wretch, who never help us in our trouble. The Pope must canonize some better saints for us, for all we have now are worn out. They could do something formerly, but now I would not give two

ounces of gold for the whole calendar ; as for you, you lazy old scoundrel,"—continued the captain, shaking his fist at poor Saint Antonio.

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagullas coast ; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind, at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints," said the captain, who had just gained the deck ; "another little slant in our favour, and we shall lay our course.—Again I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron Saint Antonio, who has taken under his peculiar protection the Nostra Señora da Monte. We have a prospect of fine weather ; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigarros upon the deck."

'But the scene was soon changed ; a bank of

clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that, to the seamen's eyes, was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain in a fright. "Holy Saint Antonio, protect us—but this is awful."

"There! there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften, and the

captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cable's length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually ; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance ; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging, and, lastly, her hull shewed itself above the surface. Still she rose up till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage was above water, and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to.

“ Holy Virgin !” exclaimed the captain, breathless ; “ I have known ships to *go down*, but never to *come up* before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin to save us in this trouble. One thousand wax candles ! Hear me, blessed lady ; ten ounces each. Gentlemen,” cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast—

“why don’t you promise?—promise, I say; *promise*, at all events.”

“The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman,” shrieked Schriften; “I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken; there is your father—He! he!”

Philip’s eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. “It is possible,” thought he, “I shall now be permitted!” and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic.

The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel’s hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of its shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devotion, and then replaced.

Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward."

No one answered, or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain, and told him that if they offered to send letters they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish.

A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck ; "where is the captain?"

"Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats ; he held some letters in his hand.

"What do you want?" at last screamed the captain.

"Yes — what do you want?" continued Schriften, "He ! he !"

“ What, you here, pilot ? ” observed the man ; “ well—I thought you had gone to Davy’s locker, long enough ago.”

“ He ! he ! ” replied Schriften, turning away.

“ Why the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home ; I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape.”

“ I can’t take them,” cried the captain.

“ Can’t take them ! well, it’s very odd—but every ship refuses to take our letters ; it’s very unkind—seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again ; and it would be a matter of comfort to them, if they only could hear from us.”

“ I cannot take your letters—the saints preserve us ; ” replied the captain.

“ We have been a long while out,” said the seaman, shaking his head.

“ How long ? ” inquired the captain, not knowing what to say.

“ We can’t tell ; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun’s declination for the right day.”

“ Let *me* see your letters,” said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman’s hands.

“ They must not be touched,” screamed Schriften.

“ Out, monster !” replied Philip, “ who dares interfere with me ?”

“ Doomed — doomed — doomed !” shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter.

“ Touch not the letters,” said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit.

Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters.

“ Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay.”

“ Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend ; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was,” replied Philip.

“ Impossible !” replied the man ; “ here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place.”

“ The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot.”

“ Impossible !” replied the seaman ; “ here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketser—with money to buy her a new brooch.”

Philip shook his head—“ I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago.”

“ Impossible ! I left her young and blooming. Here’s one for the house of Slutz and Co., to whom the ship belongs.”

“ There’s no such house now,” replied Philip ; “ but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name.”

“ Impossible ! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son——”

“ Give it me,” cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel.

“ That’s a scurvy trick for an old shipmate,” observed the seaman. Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first.

The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side:—“ It is very hard—very unkind,” observed he, as he descended; “ the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation ;” so saying, he disappeared : in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars, retreating from the ship.

“ Holy St. Antonio !” exclaimed the captain, “ I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack.”

The steward ran down for the bottle ; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander. “Now,” said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, “what is to be done next?”

“I’ll tell you,” said Schriften, going up to him. “That man there has a charm hung round his neck ; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved ; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board.”

“Yes, yes, it’s all right depend upon it ;” cried the sailors.

“Fools,” replied Philip, “do you believe that wretch ? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognise him, and call him shipmate ? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate.”

“Yes, yes,” cried the sailors, “it’s all right, the man did call him shipmate.”

“ I tell you it’s all wrong,” cried Schriften ; “ that is the man, let him give up the charm.”

“ Yes, yes ; let him give up the charm,” cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip.

Philip started back to where the captain stood. “ Madmen, know ye what ye are about ? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost for ever ;” and Philip took the relic from his bosom and shewed it to the captain.

“ No, no, men ;” exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves ; “ that won’t do—the saints protect us.”

The seamen, however, became clamorous ; one portion were for throwing Schriften overboard, the other for throwing Philip ; at last, the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff, hanging astern, to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schriften to get into it. The seamen approved of this arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip

made no objection; Schriften screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schriften had left was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze ; the Phantom Ship was still in sight, but at a much greater distance from them than she was before. Philip pulled hard towards her, but although hove to, she appeared to increase her distance from the boat. For a short time he paused on his oars, to regain his breath, when Schriften rose up and took his seat in the stern sheets of the boat. “ You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken,” observed Schriften ; “ but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruize together, but you will be as far from your object at the end of it, as you are now at the com-

mencement.—Why don't you throw me over-board again? You would be all the lighter—He! he!"

"I threw you overboard in a state of phrenzy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force from me my relic."

"And have I not endeavoured to make others take it from you this very day?—Have I not—He! he!"

"You have," rejoined Philip; "but I am now convinced, that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing, you are only following your destiny, as I am mine. Why, and wherefore I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery;—if the success of my endeavours, depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and defeating my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. But, Schriften, I have not forgotten,

and never will, that you kindly *did advise* my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate, if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although you have been, and are still mine. Although my enemy, for her sake *I forgive you*, and will not attempt to harm you."

" You do then *forgive your enemy*, Philip Vanderdecken?" replied Schriften mournfully, " for such, I acknowledge myself to be."

" I do, with *all my heart, with all my soul*," replied Philip.

" Then have you conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken; you have now made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen:—when your Father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage took my life, he was vouchsafed a chance of his doom being cancelled, through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for *vengeance*; it was granted that I should

remain on earth, and thwart your will. That as long as we were enemies, you should not succeed ; but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of *forgiving your enemy*, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished."

As Schriften spoke, Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken ; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone.

" Father of Mercy, I thank thee," said Philip, " that my task is done, and that I again may meet my Amine."

Philip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave him ; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained her deck.

The crew of the vessel crowded round him.

“ Your captain,” said Philip ; “ I must speak with your captain.”

“ Who shall I say, sir ?” demanded one, who appeared to be the first mate.

“ Who ?” replied Philip ; “ tell him his son would speak to him, his son Philip Vanderdecken.”

Shouts of laughter from the crew, followed this answer of Philip’s; and the mate, as soon as they ceased, observed with a smile,

“ You forget, sir, perhaps you would say his father.”

“ Tell him his son, if you please,” replied Philip ; “ take no note of grey hairs.”

“ Well, sir, here he is coming forward,” replied the mate stepping aside, and pointing to the captain.

“ What is all this ?” enquired the captain.

“ Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel ?”

“ I am, sir,” replied the other.

“ You appear not to know me! But how can you? you saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife.”

“ Ha!” replied the captain; “ and who then are you?”

“ Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not; and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me, behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss.”

Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father. As if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees, and wept.

“ My son, my son !” exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip’s arms, “my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured.” Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

“ My son, my noble son, before the charm is broken—before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, oh ! let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition : my son, my noble son, receive a father’s thanks,” exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence he humbly addressed himself to that Being, whom he once so awfully defied.

The elder Vanderdecken knelt down : Philip did the same ; still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it.

And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the Phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, every thing above the deck, crumbled into atoms and disappeared.

Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared ; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments ; and there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and the son.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water ; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepid—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised

to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all his splendour—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming sea-gull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play, the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea.—All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved for ever, and that “**THE PHANTOM SHIP**” was no **MORE.**

THE END.

London:

Printed by J. L. Cox and Sons, 75, Great Queen Street.
Lincoln's Inn Fields.

14 DAY USE
TURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

13 May 64 JA
REC'D LD

MAY 27 '64 - 2 PM

DEC 09 2001

LD 21A-40m-4, '63
(D6471s10) 476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YB 74787

